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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum. Week-end Review.*

MR. THOMAS has retired amid subdued applause. His retirement would have been welcome even if his name had not, as he himself put it, been "bandied about" in an inquiry which was as appetising as a first-class murder or a second-class divorce case. No doubt Mr. Baldwin agrees that we cannot afford to have Cabinet Ministers who do not deny it when they are accused of betting on the date of the next election while in office. But the most important reason for welcoming Mr. Thomas's retirement is that he has been a disastrously bad Cabinet Minister. The qualities which made him a successful Trade Union Secretary and an astute parliamentarian were no use to him when he became Minister of Unemployment and, later, Minister for the Dominions with Mr. De Valera to tackle. However, we need not now discuss his mishandling of the Irish and other situations. The point is that Mr. Baldwin at last has the chance of finding a better man as Colonial Secretary.

Cabinet Reconstruction

The occasion of Mr. Thomas's departure actually strikes some of the more determined Tories as a convenient moment for a wider Cabinet reconstruction than any contemplated by Mr. Baldwin. But only last week Mr. Baldwin reiterated his determination to maintain "National" Government. About the Simonites he is probably at one with his critics. They will argue that Simonites are to be counted as near-Tories, who will no doubt fulfil Mr. Baldwin's prophecy and be absorbed in the Conservative Party as the Liberal Unionists were after the Home Rule split. But the claims of National Labour are more contentious. Will Mr. Baldwin's remarkable loyalty extend to the point of insisting that Mr. Thomas's place must be taken by another National Labour man? If so, Lord De La Warr is the probable candidate for Cabinet office. The strongest Conservative name put forward for promotion is Mr. Ormsby-Gore. The *canard* about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's impending resignation was no more than a bright newspaper effort to increase the pressure on Mr. Baldwin. The important question is whether the Prime Minister himself will survive until after the Coronation. Most of the gossip means very little. Mr. Baldwin is the ideal chairman in a period of indecision. He will not last long once the Conservative Party makes up its mind about foreign policy.

A Mediterranean Pact?

At the moment Conservative opinion is divided on everything except the desirability of more armaments for an undefined policy. Even those who have most derided the League are troubled by the new Italian menace. But since the Government does not intend to risk war and finds it embarrassing to propose the removal of existing sanctions a kite is being flown to see if the dilemma can be solved by a Mediterranean pact. Hence official prepaganda, which last week blew hot about dum-dum bullets and the maltreatment of Mr. Bunner, is this week preparing the way for a settlement with Mussolini. The Duce on his side is co-operating by granting interviews in which he declares that he will respect British interests and that Italy is now a "satisfied Power." If this new plan succeeds, Italy's absolute possession of Abyssinia will be recognised and, under the pretence of rebuilding the system of collective security, she will take her place on the League Council and accept a pact of mutual assistance with all the Mediterranean Powers on the understanding that she co-operates in preventing German expansion in inconvenient directions. Behind the Duce's reasonable tone lies his need for money. He cannot raise it directly in France or Great Britain, but rumour is strong in official quarters that he hopes to use the League and the Mediterranean settlement as a screen for a loan on condition that he promises gradually to pay his debts in foreign countries. It would also enable him to keep things quiet at home, to train his African troops and to pursue his Balkan and Near Eastern ambitions. It would, incidentally, have the result of finally disgusting many of the smaller Powers with the League and of dividing Europe again into a system of alliances.

M. Blum's Task

M. Blum is hard at work on his job of Cabinet making; his list of names is expected to be complete before the end of next week. Among the "probables" are M. Delbos as Foreign Minister and M. Vincent-Auriol as Finance Minister, while Madame Joliot-Curie is tipped for an under-secretaryship. Will her appointment, if she is appointed, herald the coming of votes for women in France? But measures as well as ministries are exercising the new Premier. It is to be hoped that he will realise the necessity for devaluation, though he may try to disguise the process under some scheme with a less odious name. The leftward sections of the Front Populaire are pressing their economic and social reforms, including public works on an extensive and expensive scale. The Communists have announced their intention of tabling a number of important Bills at the earliest possible moment. None of them smells of revolution or of Socialism with a big S; but there are one or two items at which moderate Radicals may jib. M. Jouhaux, the secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail, has also told M. Blum pretty plainly what he wants. It appears that Jouhaux and the C.G.T., who until the other day were strongly opposed to devaluation, have now been converted—to the point, at any rate, of regarding it as a regrettable necessity.

The Belgian Elections

The results of the Belgian General Election afford yet another illustration of the dangers of governmental coalitions. It is beyond doubt that Belgium has, on the whole, prospered under the rule of M. van Zeeland and his colleagues. Since the Belgian franc was devalued, employment and production have both risen, and public works have contributed materially to improving the situation in the depressed industrial areas. Nevertheless, both the leading parties in the coalition have done badly. The Socialists have lost ground to the Communists, who become for the first time a factor of importance in Belgian politics. The Catholics, until now the largest party, have suffered much more severely at the hands of M. Degrelle's Rexistes, who have become at their first attempt a formidable force in both Chambers. The Liberals have barely held their ground. The three coalition parties retain a very large majority in the new Parliament, and presumably M. van Zeeland will be able to carry on with their support. But a Government based on compromise between Socialists, capitalistic Liberals, and Catholics of the most diverse social tendencies does not seem likely to be able to follow an active or courageous policy; and the effect of its continuance may well be to strengthen yet more the anti-parliamentary forces. M. Degrelle's followers say they are not Fascists or advocates of dictatorship; but they certainly won their seats by denouncing the politicians of all other parties, and appealing to the same elements in the population as have provided Fascism with its basis elsewhere. M. van Zeeland and M. de Man will do well to take warning by the election results. Far better a Catholic-Liberal Government with the Socialists in opposition than a continuance of inclusive coalition on the ominous Weimar model.

The Inquiry in Northern Ireland

The Report of the Commission sent by the National Council for Civil Liberties to Northern Ireland shows that the Ulster Government has assumed powers which Hitler himself has scarcely bettered. In 1922 a Special Powers Act was introduced to deal with a state of emergency. The Legislature surrendered its power to the Home Minister, who was given in turn an unlimited right to confer unspecified powers on whatever agents he might choose to employ. In 1928 it was agreed to keep the Act in being for a further five years. At the end of this period all pretence that it was a temporary "emergency" measure was abandoned, and the whole machinery of continental despotism, so carefully perfected during the previous ten years, was established as a permanent part of the law of the land. According to this system, the police have the power to search premises, seize property and make arrests without warrant; suspected persons may be flung into prison without trial or charge; the civil authority may make an order, against which there is neither appeal nor redress, prohibiting a person from residing or entering any part of the Six Counties. Offenders under the Act are deprived of the right of trial by jury; instead they are tried before special tribunals which violate every vital principle of British criminal procedure. By these methods, the Government has provided itself with all the equipment required for the most ruthless dictatorship.

The Uses of Despotism

The Commission was able to show, moreover, that these vicious powers have been viciously employed. They have been used to increase religious hatred and to prevent any expression of economic discontent. One-third of the population of Northern Ireland is Catholic; the Republican cause still claims a considerable number of adherents; and in recent years there has grown up a powerful movement, especially in Belfast, favouring an alignment along class rather than religious lines. Against these sections of the community the special powers have been used often with devastating effect; meanwhile outbreaks of Orange hooliganism have gone uncondemned and unpunished. The Resident Magistrates (of whom only one out of eleven is a Catholic), the Home Secretary and the police are banded together in a conspiracy to secure the will of the Protestant ruling class. In its reply the Ulster Government contents itself with an attack on the credentials of the Commission, which in fact contained two distinguished English barristers and a former Liberal M.P. It claims that a law-abiding citizen in Ulster possesses as much liberty as other members of the British Empire. No effort is made to explain how these liberties may be secured once the sovereignty of parliament and the rule of law have been abrogated. No definition is given of the meaning of "law-abiding" in a country where new offences may be created at the whim of the Executive and where indefinite crimes, "even if not specifically provided against," may give the excuse for arbitrary imprisonment.

The Unemployment Assistance Muddle

Some day—some day fairly soon, says Mr. Baldwin—the Government intends to produce the long-awaited new regulations dealing with the system of Unemployment Assistance. But Mr. Baldwin could not name any precise date, though it is well over a year since the original regulations had to be withdrawn because of the widespread indignation which they aroused. Rumour persists that the reason for the delay is not that the draft is not ready, but that the Cabinet cannot make up its mind about it, being torn between its electoral fears and its desire to safeguard the twin causes of family life and national economy by a stringent application of the household means test. In the meantime, the unemployed who have run out of benefit continue to subsist under the interim arrangements made over a year ago. This may not be so bad for many of the recipients of assistance under the interim scheme; but it rules out the uninsured workers who remain subject to Public Assistance until the revised conditions of Unemployment Assistance have been settled. That the problem of devising a satisfactory scheme of relief is difficult—especially with the means test as a basis—we can all agree. That this necessitates such an immense delay it is impossible to believe.

South Wales

On the same day this week it was announced, first, that the Commission for the Special Areas proposed to establish a Trading Estate in South Wales, and, secondly, that Messrs. R. Thomas, the tinplate manufacturers, persisted in their intention to set up their new steel plant in the East Midlands and not in South Wales. Sir William Firth, in announcing Messrs. Thomas's intention, said that Eastern England, in view of the location of the iron deposits, was obviously the most economical area for the building of the new steel-making plant, and that the South Wales unemployed must accordingly come to him for work, and not he to them. Unfortunately, this argument has some force; under modern technical conditions there is a strong case for putting the plant for mass-production of cheap crude steel near the iron deposits. But if the manufacture of crude steel is to develop outside South Wales—and possibly in course of time to carry the tinplate trade with it into the East Midlands—the problem of finding new industries in South Wales itself becomes even more urgent. We are prepared to welcome the new Trading Estate for what it is worth—which is more than nothing, but a great deal less than is needed if the economic position in South Wales is to be substantially affected. The attraction of a few small businesses into the area by the prospect of low initial capital expenditure can in the nature of things make no real impression on the difficulties created by the decline of the heavy industries in South Wales. For that a real system of regional economic planning is imperatively required. All the same, when tunnies are not to be had, even a sprat may be welcome.

The Speaker's Ruling

Tuesday's debate in Parliament on the school leaving age was altogether a curious affair. Mr. Oliver Stanley became heated in repudiating the charges of breach of faith on the Government's part when these charges were put forward from the Government benches by Mr. Markham, who seems to have fought his own election as a National Labour candidate under the honest impression that the Government meant effectively to raise the school age to fifteen, subject only to exemptions on exceptional grounds. This certainly is the impression which the Government's own election manifesto conveyed to the great majority of those who studied it, and Mr. Stanley's indignation seems misplaced. But the debate was not to end in mere altercation. The Opposition wished to amend clause two of the Bill in order to make it plain that exemptions from school attendance were to be the exception and not the rule, as the present text seems rather to imply. The Speaker, after allowing the debate on this amendment to run on for a considerable time, intervened to declare the proposal out of order, on the ground that it might increase the financial charge arising under the Bill. This strange ruling seems to exclude any amendment designed to make the Bill more effective. Any amendment calculated to decrease exemption must make the Bill cost more. Such a ruling, generally accepted, would have wide repercussions, and place in the hands of Governments a new power to limit the authority of the House of Commons in improving Bills, when once they have been introduced.

Hackney Marshes

Everyone will rejoice that the Hackney Marshes problem has been so successfully solved. The public spirit of Mr. Arthur Villiers has made it possible for the L.C.C. to take the part of the Marshes they require for housing and to secure at the same time an equivalent and adjoining area as open space. The dispute threatened to degenerate into a fruitless political wrangle with each side claiming to represent the true needs of London's slum-dwellers and with the prospect of the L.C.C. housing scheme being indefinitely held up. Some weeks ago it seemed that the over-riding necessity of proceeding with slum clearance could only be met at the cost of the temporary loss of thirty acres of badly needed playground. Good will and the initiative of Mr. Arthur Villiers have found a way out of the dilemma.

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THE PROBLEM OF PALESTINE

THE Arab strike in Palestine has been in progress for well over a month, and if it has not assumed the dimensions of a rebellion, it is obviously something much bigger than a strike. Its gravity has increased week by week. Sporadic attacks on individual Jews and Jewish settlements have developed into a widespread campaign of lawlessness. Cases of arson and murder, pillage and destruction, are reported daily in the towns and villages and orange-groves; there is danger on the roads and the railways and in the harbours. Nor is the danger confined to the Jews, as it was in the massacres of 1929. British troops and the police are stoned or shot at, and foreign civilians in the country are justified in feeling alarm for their own safety. All this does not mean that the situation is out of hand; the High Commissioner has forces at his disposal for restoring order. He ought to use them promptly and effectively. There can be no two opinions about this first duty of the Mandatory Power.

But the repression of lawlessness is not a cure for the discontents that have produced it. The present outbreak cannot be dismissed as the work of a few agitators in Palestine or of the Machiavellian policy of Fascist Italy. No doubt the Arab Nationalist leaders have played their part in it, as they have on previous occasions. But they have found willing and eager followers, and there is evidence to show that their demagogy is a smaller factor than in the past. As for the Italian propaganda, broadcast from Bari or conducted by Mussolini's agents in Palestine itself, it has unquestionably helped to inflame the passions and stimulate the hopes of the Arabs. It is not, as some would have us believe, the cause of the trouble. The antagonism between Arabs and Jews began with the Balfour Declaration nearly twenty years ago, and the history of the Palestinian Mandate has been a struggle, viewed from one angle, between nationalism and internationalism, from another between two rival nationalisms. Extremists on either side—some inspired by a fanatical idealism, others by self-interest—have fostered suspicions, jealousies and hatred. There have been Jews who envisaged their " National Home " as a Palestine denuded of Arabs. There have been, and still are, Arabs who would like the Balfour Declaration put in the waste-paper basket. At times it has seemed that the mutual antipathy was dying down, and that the hopes which we—and many of the Zionists themselves—cherished, of the two peoples being welded into a single Palestinian nation, were in the way of fulfilment. To-day, despite the progress that the country has made, materially and culturally, the solution of the problem looks as far off as ever. Indeed it is this very progress which exacerbates the temper of the Arabs.

The development of Palestine—and it is a very remarkable development—stands mainly, if not entirely, to the credit of the Jews. It may not be true to say of the Arabs, what Macaulay said of the Irish, that they are " distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous." But it is a fact that the mass of the Palestinian Arabs, when they emerged from their long servitude to the Turks, were a backward people, capable by themselves of making only a slow economic and social advance. The Zionist immigrants have brought into Palestine initiative, energy, scientific methods and capital, which have modernised agriculture, established industries, and, together with the new organisation and the social services introduced by the Mandatory, have transformed the life of the country. It would be absurd to deny—and no one does deny—that the Arabs have benefited from all this, even if their benefit has been, or has seemed to be, less than that of the Jews. They have, indeed, complained that the Jews were ousting them from their lands; but for the most part these complaints were found, on examination, to be baseless, and where there was any substance in them, their grievances were redressed. A reference to the famous White Paper of 1930 will show that they could count on the support of the British Government for the protection of legitimate rights and even on material assistance. Why then, it is asked, should the Arabs quarrel with their benefactors? Ought they not to be grateful to the Jews? That argument, or expectation, fails to take account of the psychology of nationalism. Benefits at the hand of an alien master do not earn much gratitude from peoples who are determined to be their own masters; that we know from our experience in Ireland or Egypt or India. It is true, of course, that the Jews are not the masters of the Arabs in Palestine. But it is also true—and it is the root of the trouble—that the Arabs fear the dominance of the Jews. And that fear crystallises in the demand for the restriction, indeed for the stoppage, of immigration.

Is there any real ground for the belief that the growth of the Jewish National Home will, and must, mean the ultimate swamping of the Arab population. There has certainly been a larger influx of Jews into Palestine in the last three years, and the Jewish population now numbers 400,000 as compared with 50,000 in 1919. But the Arabs have not stood still; they have increased in the same period from 457,000 to 850,000. If these rates of increase were to continue unchanged, it is evident that within a measurable time the Jews would be in a majority. That might not be a disaster for mankind—nor for the Arabs, though the Arabs in their present frame of mind cannot be expected to see it in any other light. But in fact there is no reason to accuse either the Zionists or the Mandatory Power of aiming at the creation of a Jewish majority. Nor is there any reason to suppose that, because the Jewish population has multiplied itself by eight in the first sixteen years, it will do the same in the next sixteen years. Palestine is not yet full; it can absorb many more immigrants. But the regulation of their numbers is one of the most important duties of the Government, and though the Zionists have frequently complained that the restriction was too severe, they have never claimed that it should be abolished altogether. The Arabs, on the other hand, want not merely a restricted immigration; they want none at all. To concede such a demand would, in effect, mean the abandonment of the Balfour Declaration and of the Mandate, and that neither the present British Government, nor any we may expect to succeed it, is in the least likely to agree to. We are committed, as trustees, to the administration of Palestine; and for those of us who make light of trusteeships, there is another powerful motive for staying there. Palestine is of strategic importance to the British Empire.

Since, then, we are governing Palestine, we must, in the interests of its inhabitants and in our own, restore and maintain order and security. But order and security are only the conditions necessary to the carrying out of the real task—the establishment of a peace in which Jew and Arab will co-operate in harmony. It is a formidable task, in which the British Government and British officials in Palestine can play but a secondary part. They can be policemen and judges, they can advise and encourage. They can even in desperation appoint Royal Commissions to investigate complaints, to expose sham grievances and propose remedies for genuine ones. But they cannot work miracles. It is the Jews and the Arabs themselves who must find the way of settling their differences and making a Palestinian nation.

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

THE German Peace Plan of March 31st, which is now under discussion, includes the proposition that Germany and France should " pledge themselves to take steps to see that in the education of the young, as well as in the press and publications of both nations, everything shall be avoided which might be calculated to poison the relationship between the two peoples, whether it be a derogatory or contemptuous attitude or improper interference in the internal affairs of the other country." This suggestion clearly hopes to appeal to the fair-play, common-sense, let's-be-friendly attitude of the British man-in-the-street, whose state of mind it is the aim of the Nazis to exploit. Its comic insolence in the present circumstances has hitherto aroused little comment. With the attempt to muzzle journalistic and literary criticism of Germany I am not now concerned, but only with the education of the young.

Let it at once be remembered that the elementary schools of France are staffed by teachers at least four-fifths of whom belong to the C.G.T., and are, that is to say, on the Left, with pacifist and internationalist sympathies ; there has, under the Ministers in office between 1924 and the recent elections, been a certain, but not an abnormal, amount of friction between the teachers and the Ministry of Education. If one considers the teaching of history as probably the most indicative subject, one finds that the teachers have a fairly wide choice among the text-books officially available to them. Lavisse's little books (*Histoire de France*—Librairie Armand Colin) are still used a good deal, although C.G.T. people regard them as rather on the fusty and chauvinist side. Any student of history knows the—on the whole—reasonable tone of Lavisse's greater works. If he expects to find a hoarser nationalism in the little elementary school text-books he will be disappointed. In the volume prepared for children of 12 and 13 the Great War is described without any triumphant victory talk, and the chapter ends with the words : " Après avoir tué des millions et des millions d'hommes, la terrible guerre de 1914 aura enfin tué la guerre, le pire des fléaux dont l'humanité ait souffert dans son long passé." Even to 8 and 9 year olds Lavisse says " La plus belle gloire d'une nation est de produire des savants dont les découvertes font du bien à l'humanité." The Lycées are, of course, a different story in that the teachers incline in not uneven proportions to the Right and to the Left, and in private secondary schools, especially the Catholic ones, the atmosphere is certainly more chauvinist. Malet et Isaac (Hachette) remains, however, the most used text-book, a book which bothers, for instance, to quote from a Weimar-Germany colleague in order to include a German statement upon the causes of both 1870 and 1914 ; the atrocities in Belgium are deplored, but explained by the German obsession with civilian sniping.

What is the state of affairs in Nazi Germany ? At first the inquirer may gain the impression that no great change has occurred since 1933. Under the Weimar Republic secondary school teachers inculcated a highly nationalistic hatred of the Peace Treaties into their pupils, and it was noticed by his comrades from other states that even the Socialist leader of the German delegation at international elementary school-teachers' conferences began in 1929 to talk about the " Versailler Diktat." A number of new history and other text-books are due, but not yet out. The first of a new series of State reading-books for the elementary schools appeared in March (*Deutsches Lesebuch für Volksschulen*, for children of 11 and 12). At first sight this book appears to be harmless, even kindly, with its Walter von der Vogelweide frontispiece and old German drawings of hunters and knights. There is nothing offensive about the French or the Jews ; only the plundering Russians in the story of the Memel telephonist are contemptuously described. Olympic Games visitors should be satisfied.

But now let us look more closely. If the new text-books are mostly not ready for the children, instructions for the teachers have been pouring out ever since the Nazis took over the government. The Ministry of the Interior issued a series of orders in the summer of 1933. Book after book upon the teaching of history has appeared. The National Socialist Federation of Teachers has issued text-books and produces periodicals. Teachers are compelled to attend regular supervision classes every week. A typical illustration of this kind of thing is as follows. The director asked the teachers (in this case secondary school masters) what the German attitude to eighteenth-century rationalism should be. The teachers, knowing what was required of them, replied that good Germans rejected the *Aufklärung*. Question : " Why ? " Answer : " Because it was un-German, originating in England." Question : " From what English circles did this rationalism come ? " Answer : " From Locke, that is to say from a circle dominated by Jews and Freemasons—hence the good German is bound to reject it." I have heard of a child who came home from a Greek history lesson the other day and asked its mother whether Germany was not a tyranny too. But the teacher who allowed this pernicious conclusion to be drawn is unlikely to keep his job long ; it is increasingly clear that all the unsound are to be gradually ejected.

According to the instructions from Ministers Frick and Rust, behind whom stands Alfred Rosenberg (the man made responsible by the Führer for the *Weltanschauung* of all citizens of the Reich), a political point of view is to dominate all instruction as it is to colour all athletic activity (cf. *Deutsch-kunde*). All instruction is to be based upon the conception of the superiority of the heroic Nordic race whose purest manifestation is in Germany. " The heroic idea leads directly to the heroic outlook (*Weltanschauung*) which fits us as a German people more than any other, and which, in the struggle to assert ourselves nationally in the centre of a hostile world, ever brings us new strength" (Frick). In *Nationalsozialistische Erziehung* (published by the Nazi Federation of Teachers in Greater Berlin) No. 13 of March 28th last, we read, in an article on national political teaching, that " One fundamental fact of German destiny to-day too is that of a people without space." Social justice, the writer (Dr. Gernot Pieper) declares, cannot be brought about by equality, the class war or liberal economics, " but only by an attack upon the whole (*sic*) in order to solve the problem of German destiny." In all contemporary publications the frontiers of the Reich are implied to be only temporary ; everywhere one finds words to the effect that " Alsace has not been renounced, as occurred by the Treaty of Locarno " (see Schnee, *Geschichtsunterricht im völkischen National Staat*, 1933). In conjunction with teaching of this kind, one should observe that, whereas French children are largely being taught by enthusiastic pacifists, German children are taught, according to every instruction or text-book, that even wars which bring defeat are scarcely deplorable. In Hoerdt's *Geschichte und Geschichtsunterricht* (1934) the Great War is described as the first common experience of humanity—this is the only reference to humanity that I have seen. 1914 to 1918 is in general presented as a great demonstration—until traitors intervened—of German national solidarity and heroism out of which National Socialism was born. Turning back to the kindly *Lesebuch* one finds a section (under the main heading " My People ") in which the World War appears as tremendously glorious. One reads in *Erziehung* (No. 12) that race is not emphasised here because the conception is too much for the elementary school-child without the help of the teacher, but according to Frick's instructions (July, 1933) the idea of great leaders whom one must obey is to be particularly emphasised in the elementary schools.

The most important innovation in the German schools since Hitler's advent is now in full swing. This is the introduction of national political lessons, usually at the expense of Latin or French; there appears to be nothing comparable in France. These lessons serve up *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Mythos* to the young, and every effort is made to inflame the children against the Versailles Treaty and all its makers. If anything is " calculated to poison the relationship between France and Germany," it is *Mein Kampf*; does the Führer and Chancellor offer to suppress his own work, now that it has become the Gospel of the Germans, or does he merely intend to continue to export expurgated editions?

The Nazi regime is very proud of its six new " Public Schools," where the resident method of England is imitated and Nazi doctrine instilled night and day. Except for the boys who are privileged to attend these boarding-schools nothing that happens in school really matters so much as what one learns in the Hitler Youth, for the elementary school-child leaves school at the age of fourteen when the Hitler Youth enrols him; thus from fourteen onwards most German boys are directly subjected to the influence of none but their Hitler Youth leaders. Race, heroism and the glories of war become unquestioned dogmas with a very practical side to them. I remember a nice little Jewish boy of twelve who told me that the worst thing for him was that he might not go into the *Jung Volk*; all the same, he said, the others had told him a thing or two, and he thought he could throw a hand grenade if it came to it and perhaps even work a machine-gun too. And the *Jung Volk* are only the preparatory school. Another boy told me, by the way, that children of this age particularly like reading the officially protected *Stürmer* because it is full of obscenities which they would not otherwise be allowed to read.

One has only to soak oneself in the Nazi literature, which increasingly tends to be all that a German child reads, to realise that any romantic boy must conceive the German mission, of which he hears so much, to include the " liberation " of France some day. For he gathers that the upstanding Nordics of Alsace and Normandy are being strangled by negroes, Jews and Communists. Recent Communist election successes and M. Blum's emergence as Premier appear to provide magnificent justification for this thesis. While Hitler has done everything possible to induce this state of mind in young Germans, and while it is evident that he will never abandon racial ideology and totalitarian teaching, he has yet had the effrontery to propose to France that everything shall be avoided which might create a derogatory or contemptuous attitude between the two countries.

The problem arises as to whether it is possible for two neighbouring States to embrace opposite political and general principles without exchanging contempt for one another. It is clear that the French child is encouraged to use its reason while the German child is brought up to depise intellect. While the French child is certainly taught that dictatorship is undesirable, the German child is made to believe that democratic republicanism is nothing short of iniquitous. And while the German child is filled with the notion that his race has a mission to dominate others, Lavisse addresses to his youngest pupils the words, " Vous ne voudrez pas dominer ni humilier les autres peuples." E. W.

A LONDON DIARY

THE letter about the Fascist meeting near Whitestone Pond, Hampstead, which was published in this paper last week, has led to a question in the House of Commons and to a reply from Sir John Simon in which he repeated his previous warning against those who use words likely to provoke a breach of the peace. He did not deny the facts, to which a number of independent witnesses are prepared to swear, that a speaker (whose name is known) spoke of the Jews as " venereal-ridden vagrants " and that the police threatened to arrest some of those who protested. The publication of these facts has had an immediate effect. At last Sunday's Fascist meeting in the same place, the Jews were not abused and the police permitted heckling, though there was much less reason for it. So far so good. But similar incidents are occurring in other parts of the country and it is essential for people who want to prevent the growth of violence in our public life to understand the law in this matter. We have an excellent tradition in this country in favour of allowing speakers to express themselves with great freedom at political meetings. But it becomes the duty of the police to interfere if there is a danger of a breach of the peace, and it must rest with them to decide where the provocation comes from. If the speaker's remarks are so offensive that there is likely to be trouble, the man who makes the remark is responsible for endangering the peace. Now, at this and other recent meetings, I think there is no doubt that Fascist remarks about Jews passed the border-line. The only safeguard we have against the growth of political hooliganism is the popular faith in the police, who have had in the past an excellent reputation for impartiality which they are in some danger of losing.

* * *

In this country there is no such offence as criminal slander, but if this filthy attack on the Jews had been written instead of spoken it might have constituted a criminal libel. For the English law provides for libel on any body of individuals, even when no particular person is named, if the libel tends to stir up hatred among His Majesty's subjects against these individuals and if evidence can be produced that it actually has had that effect. The leading case is still an eighteenth-century incident in which a vicious attack was made on a group of Jews who showed that some of them had been threatened and maltreated as a result of a vile accusation against them. When I read of anti-Semitic incidents in the East End I wonder sometimes whether the people who write some of the libels on the Jewish race in our more virulently patriotic periodicals are aware of the existence of this law.

* * *

Hampstead has been properly shaken up by the burglary at Willoughby Hall to which I referred last week. The protest meeting at the Town Hall was packed on Monday night and there was an overflow meeting of two to three hundred people outside. The platform was thoroughly representative and very respectable. Mrs. Corbett-Fisher was in the Chair. Speakers ranged from the Right to the extreme Left. I noticed on the platform Sir Raymond Unwin, David Low, Henry Nevinson, and a number of other well-known Hampstead citizens who have nothing to do with party politics. Several speakers expressed their gratitude to the patriotic hooligans who had raided a peace exhibition. No action could be better calculated to expose their own peace pretensions and no action could so quickly have called respectable Hampstead to the defence of its liberties.

* * *

A year or so ago I quoted examples to illustrate the contrast between the respect shown to the publishing profession on the Continent and its comparative neglect in this country. Well, there is a change. The International Publishers' Congress, which is meeting in London from June 7th to 12th, and which includes about 130 foreign publishers from all over Europe, is actually meeting under the patronage of the King and is being officially received by the British Government. Its programme includes not only visits to Whipsnade and to Mr. Lloyd George at Churt and to Oxford and Cambridge, but also lunches and receptions presided over by Mr. Anthony Eden and Lord Eustace Percy. It is altogether a very grand affair. It is pleasant to find the British Government taking serious notice of a congress which has something to do with culture and intellect. Perhaps it is because we are as a nation conscious of not being on the material side so much top dogs as we used to be, that we are beginning to realise that other peoples' opinions of us matter, and that we have something to offer the world as well as coal, guns and cricket.

* * *

The arrival of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park has been one of the few things in recent years that has made me feel that we are really growing more civilised. It would be a thousand pities if Mr. Sydney Carroll (who has lost £10,000 himself on the venture) does not get all the support he needs. His new scheme is designed to convince the Inland Revenue (who have so far taken £14,000 in Entertainment Tax from these performances) that this is not a profit-making venture which ought to be taxed. Unless at least £3,500 is subscribed, the scheme will be dropped and the money returned. The subscription list opens this week and closes on June 13th. If enough money is collected the Fund will be placed in the hands of responsible people and any profits put aside as a reserve fund for a theatre. Those who care about the continuance of this chance of seeing Shakespeare in its exquisite setting in Regent's Park should send their shillings to the Open Air Theatre Fund, c/o Mr. Sydney Carroll, 18 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. They will be entitled to tickets for this year's performances at half price.

* * *

A continental friend of mine who holds an important and detached position has just returned from a visit to India in which, as a neutral, he was able to get into touch with a large number of leading men of all parties. Among other questions, I asked him whether it was true, as I had heard, that the Italian Government has been broadcasting (in several Indian languages) a stream of attacks on the British Empire. He said that it was true, but that so few Indians as yet listened in that it did not matter. He spoke of intensive Italian efforts to influence the Indian press, but said that it was at present quite ineffective, not because of British censorship, but because even nationalist Indian editors have no use for Mussolini. He paid a remarkable tribute to Lord Halifax. He is one of the few Englishmen who have been in India in our generation whose name is respected and more than respected in both religious communities. The fact that he is a religious man counted for a lot. On several occasions when a difficult problem had arisen in discussion, Lord Irwin (as he still was when he was Viceroy) adjourned the meeting and retired to his own room to meditate and pray and then returned with his mind made up. This created a profound impression; it was quoted to my friend as a proof of Lord Irwin's high character by both Mohammedans and Hindus.

* * *

On a brick wall at the end of a narrow East End cul-de-sac a cricket wicket was chalked, denoting that street football was suspended and that summer had officially begun. This chalked wicket inspired Ian Hay's really moving address at the Annual Meeting of the Children's Country Holidays Fund last Tuesday. The late Canon Barnett and Dame Henrietta Barnett founded the Fund fifty-two years ago for the purpose of sending away poor London children who would not be able to get a holiday otherwise. Last year 33,477 children, the largest number since the war, were given a fortnight's holiday, and they included blind or mentally deficient children. "Given?" Well, out of the 30*s.* which it costs per child, the parents contributed, on the average, 8*s.* 3*d.* Some paid less, some more, some nothing at all. The parents of each child are assessed according to their means, not an easy task when, as one parent, whose income was stated to average 25*s.*, explained to a doubting schoolmaster, "Well, some weeks it's £2, some £3, but the average is 25*s.*" I have heard a lot about the C.C.H.F. from a friend who, as a child, was given his first two holidays in the country through it. A day in the country for a slum child is a good thing, but a fortnight which the C.C.H.F. gives is much more than fourteen times better.

* * *

Consider the common liver fluke. Unless you are a farmer or a biologist you may never have done so. Stage One. The adult fluke, inside a sheep, lays eggs which pass out of the sheep and hatch in the open if they happen to fall in a spot which is suitable in moisture and temperature. The newly-hatched organism can only survive if it happens, while swimming about, to meet with a water snail. It has a pair of eye spots and an anterior boring organ by which it pushes its way through the snail's skin. Once inside, it changes its coat and bores into the interior organs of the snail, where it grows a new kind of sack-like body inside which it grows or buds a whole lot of other bodies, which in their turn bud off other little bodies which may be rather like small tadpoles. These get out of the snail and wriggle about in the water. If they are lucky enough to find a blade of grass they attach themselves to it and build a cyst round themselves. If this particular blade of grass is eaten by a sheep the sheep has a nasty disease and the vicious circle begins again. If you do not believe me, ask a biologist and he will tell you that there are many similar life cycles each depending for its existence, like the liver fluke, on one chance in billions. I suppose that is why it is called a fluke.

* * *

My attention was caught the other day by a headline which suggested that Lord Astor was having some trouble with a Rhodes Scholar. It was only after a considerable interval that I realised that Rhodes Scholar was a horse. But I made a worse gaff, equally innocently, some years ago when I saw a poster "Call Boy Scratched," and asked a friend who the vindictive actress could be. CRITIC

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE IN LONDON

DANGERS beset the path of a party of the Left that becomes responsible for public assistance administration within a capitalist society. Its policy must preserve a balance between sympathetic treatment of the applicants for assistance on the one hand and, on the other, the public notion of what is a reasonable standard of expenditure on this service. A party that indulges its humanitarian emotions without an eye to this balance may soon find its opportunities for usefulness checked by electoral disaster.

The Labour majority on the London County Council, therefore, had some anxious thinking to do about its public assistance responsibilities. The L.C.C. became the public assistance authority for London as from April 1st, 1930. From that date until the election of March, 1934, the Municipal Reform Party had pursued a public assistance policy that was bitterly assailed. It was said that they had carried out this part of their duties in a spirit of severity; that applicants for help, to discourage the others, had been made to feel that there was something disgraceful about their situation. The Municipal Reformers had also sought to evade direct responsibility for policy by allowing (officially, at least) nearly a hundred relief sub-committees (almost exclusively composed of co-opted persons) to pursue different policies, and had refused to declare any basis of relief for the County as a whole. The work, training or instruction provided for able-bodied recipients of relief had seemed to be of a penal and deterrent kind instead of being helpful and educational, as it might have been. A prominent Municipal Reformer wrote with some satisfaction in a London Municipal Society pamphlet on public assistance:

> A great many men never returned to the office when they heard that their neighbours had been given work and training as a condition

> of relief. They just dropped off. It is calculated in this area that three men kept away for every man who was offered training.

The Labour Party, although it had never made public assistance the main election issue, had as the official opposition at County Hall condemned the Municipal Reform policy, and had undertaken to administer public assistance in a more considerate spirit. It is claimed that this pledge has been fulfilled since the Labour victory of 1934. The most apparent result of the change of spirit is not so much a bigger expenditure per case relieved as the substantial increase in the total number of cases. During the first year in which the Council was under Labour control the increase in expenditure on outdoor relief was about £400,000. In submitting a supplemental estimate the Public Assistance Committee said in July, 1934:

> The increase in the numbers on relief during the June quarter, 1934, reflects, we feel, the fact that in recent years, under the previous administration, many persons were refused relief who, in our opinion, should not have been excluded, and this statement covers the cases of unemployed men who were refused relief in supplementation of unemployment insurance benefit or transitional payments, although by the normal standards of the district sub-committees in question the family income was insufficient for the family needs.

Other causes of higher expenditure were increased allowances for dependent children, the fact that earning children were allowed a bigger margin for personal expenses before calculating the family income, and additional help given to families suffering from high or excessive rents. Public Assistance authorities are compelled to operate a family means test; Labour on the L.C.C. has done all that it could to ease and rationalise its operation.

In addition to changing the spirit of public assistance, the present L.C.C. has made big alterations in the administrative system. Under the Local Government Act, 1929, the Council had to formulate an " Administrative Scheme " for discharging the functions transferred to it. The first scheme to be authorised by the Minister was devised by the Municipal Reformers in 1929; it established a cumbrous system of ten area and nearly a hundred district sub-committees, as well as various other committees. The principle of co-option was resorted to for manning these bodies; the total number of persons concerned in granting outdoor relief was, under this system, even larger than the numbers on the old London Boards of Guardians. This comparison is more surprising than it sounds, for while the area and district sub-committees set up by the L.C.C. scheme were concerned mainly with outdoor relief, the old Boards of Guardians, with fewer persons, also dealt with hospitals, infirmaries, births, deaths and marriages, and other services. The committees under the Municipal Reform scheme were constantly faced with resignations of members. In 1933, 221 members of district sub-committees found it necessary to resign—a high proportion out of a total of 900—and the constantly changing membership did not contribute to the efficiency of the committees.

The most serious flaw in the Municipal Reform scheme of organisation was, in the opinion of the Labour Party, that it enabled the Council to evade direct public responsibility for public assistance policy. Confronted with charges that applicants were being treated unsatisfactorily, the Municipal Reform chairman of the Public Assistance Committee could, and did, reply that such matters were entirely within the jurisdiction of the area and district sub-committees. The Council, while under Municipal Reform direction, refused to adopt any general basis of relief for the County. In theory, each local relief committee pursued its own policy; in practice, it operated a relief scale formulated by the Municipal Reform party organisation, which had never been under discussion by the elected members of the Council.

The new administrative scheme, formulated by the present Labour Council and approved by the Minister of Health, reduced the number of district sub-committees to one-third of the previous number. The area committees remained, but with fewer members. It created a new class of officer—the Adjudicating Officer—to interview applicants for relief and to assess the appropriate relief to be given. But the Adjudicating Officer, unlike the old district relief committees, operates a relief policy and a relief scale definitely laid down in regulations by the Council itself. He has to report to the district sub-committee the cases that have come before him. The district sub-committee may call for a review of any case, while the applicant is able to appeal to the area committee against the decision made on his application—which he was not permitted to do under the Municipal Reform scheme. That the change has been generally satisfactory to applicants is shown by the remarkably small number of appeals against Adjudicating Officers' decisions—less than one per thousand of the decisions made are appealed against. One result of the new scheme that commends itself to applicants is the greater privacy it allows to those who come to state their need for help. In the old days they had to undergo the harassing experience of making their appeal to a committee of about nine persons and four officers, each of whom could probe into the applicant's circumstances and history to his heart's content. Now, the applicant states his circumstances privately to one Adjudicating Officer and is spared the ordeal of cross-examination by a committee.

A further advantage of the new system is that the Adjudicating Officer can order immediate relief in cash. Previously, a poor person making his application for relief might well have to manage with relief in kind (i.e., food tickets) for the greater part of a week; for until the meeting of the relief committee he could not be given help in money, and even then his cash relief often went to pay the previous week's rent, because of the committee's inability to give retrospective rent allowances. This unsatisfactory state of things cannot occur under the new system.

From the point of view of public policy, the new system is preferable to the old, if only because it makes possible greater consistency in relief administration, and disposes of any suspicion that political bias may enter into the treatment of individual cases.

The Council's present administrative scheme may appear to be nothing more than a modification in machinery, but the changes it has brought about have contributed to the general humanising of the system of public assistance in London. Incidentally, it has abolished certain practices that were unnecessarily distasteful to the people affected by them. Persons receiving treatment in the Council's hospitals must by law pay for it according to their financial circumstances. Previously their ability to pay was assessed by the Public Assistance Committee; the new scheme transfers this duty to a sub-committee of the Hospitals Committee. Sighted dependents of blind persons were, under the old conditions, a responsibility of the Public Assistance Committee; now they are dealt with by the Welfare of the Blind Committee. In such ways, and in others, the Labour Council has, to the best of its capacity, removed the Poor Law taint from services where it is not absolutely and legally necessary, although it is only fair to say that previous Municipal Reform Councils had also done a great deal in this direction.

The present L.C.C. does not believe in the unconditional and general distribution of relief. It has maintained the residential and non-residential training centres for able-bodied persons in cases where it is satisfied that it is in the public interest and in the interest of the applicant that he should go to such a centre. But it has made extensive changes in the conditions existing at these places. The residential training centres were used by the Municipal Reformers as agencies of deterrence; Labour has sought to transform them into places where constructive help can be given. When Labour took control in 1934, hundreds of married men were living away from their families at the residential training centres; over three hundred of these have been brought back by the present Council, and only in a handful of exceptional cases are married men still kept there. The dietaries at these centres have been greatly improved; living conditions have been made more comfortable; and in general the centres are run as places where the men are assisted to keep alive their faculties, and to escape the demoralisation that is always threatened by long spells of unemployment. The reforms have also extended to the non-residential training centres; the hours of attendance have been reduced from thirty to twenty-two a week, the mornings being left free for the men to seek employment. Men who have not been in receipt of relief for a year are excused from attending for thirteen weeks.

The L.C.C. Labour Party can fairly claim that its administration of public assistance has achieved a satisfactory balance between sympathy for the applicants and care for the public funds. There is little real criticism of this side of the Council's work. The ratepayer in general does not seem to feel that the Council is being unduly generous at his expense; on the other hand, there is less criticism of the Council's relief policy on grounds of humanity than there has ever been. A few cases, erring on one side or other of this balance, are raised from time to time, but the number of them in proportion to the total number of cases handled is negligible; and so soon as the Committee's attention is drawn to them, investigation is made and any wrong that exists is righted.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. T. W. Harrison.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A minor point, which many may consider a very major one, is that the handing back without reference to the resident population would not be in accordance with English principles of equity. . . . But we do not really know Native opinion. After some careful propaganda it would appear to be worth the risk of taking a referendum throughout the country after making sure that it would go, overwhelmingly, in England's favour.—*Uganda Guardian.*

I have a perfect terror of the abolition of the arms industry.—Sir Maurice Hankey before the Arms Commission.

A treat for the children—modern style. The Royal Welch Fusiliers who are to be converted into a mechanised machine-gun regiment, are holding an "at home" at Wrexham Barracks at the end of the month. One of the features of the entertainment for the public will be the pleasure of donning masks and entering a gas-filled room. Children, as well as their parents, will be able to enjoy this.—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

The Nationalist Party, which is nothing other than an unadulterated party of milk and water . . .—Major Stapely Read reported in the *Evening Sentinel.*

The first thing people with a few days to spend in Paris say is: "Where is Elsie Mendl?" The second: "Let's call up the Brochtons." The third: "Are the Cole Porters back?"—*Evening Standard.*

"Won't our Lord be pleased?" said a well-known London priest on comparing the purity of our incense with that which he had hitherto used. Beware of faked incense!—Advt. in *The Catholic Directory*, 1936.

I heard a supposed comedy, "London Wall," on the Regional on Tuesday night and was disgusted. The actresses said "Oh Hell," and "Damn." When young people are listening it is not nice to hear language like that. The play seemed very common to me.—Letter in *News Chronicle.*

The public school spirit is Christianity in action.—The *Symbol.*

England has a new indoor sport. . . . It seems that no adult Siamese fighting fish can view another of the same sex without abhorrence and hatred. They go for each other at once, and fight to the death. As a consequence, in thousands of English homes to-day, people place the fish tank on the centre of the dining-room table and let a couple of Siamese fighting fish of the same sex slide into the water.—*Birmingham Evening Despatch.*

PLEASURES OF UNCERTAINTY

How interesting the Derby has been this year! I do not mean as a race to watch—for I am beginning to write before the horses have started—but as a race to think about in advance. Last year the race was ruined by the presence of a great horse, Bahram. He was what is called a certainty. If you were of the money-grubbing type, all you had to do was to put a pound on him and draw your twenty-five shillings profit after the race. That is poor sport for the more generous type of human being who would much rather make fifty pounds on an uncertainty than twenty-five shillings on a certainty. Even when there is a certainty in a race, men of this generous type —commonly known as mugs—would rather lose their money on an outsider than win a contemptible little sum on the favourite. It is because there are so many of these people in the world that horses like Bahram do not start at ten to one on.

This year, as I have said, there was luckily no Bahram. The winner may possibly seem as great a certainty as Bahram as soon as the race is over, but he did not seem a certainty in advance. Nearly every racing correspondent told us before the race that the horses in the Derby this year were a moderate lot who kept beating each other and that it was one of the most open races within living memory. Lord Derby, who knows something about horses, said that the best way to find the winner was to blindfold yourself and bring down a pin on the list of the starters. As a result of this uncertainty, even the racing correspondents kept changing their minds from minute to minute, like women choosing hats. Day after day, they worked out difficult mathematical problems such as: "If Pay Up could give Thankerton a three-lengths' beating at level weights over a mile, whereas Taj Akbar gave Thankerton 13 lb. and a beating over a mile and a half, which of them is likelier to beat Noble King in the Derby?" Then they raised the question whether Thankerton was feeling as well on the day on which he was beaten by Taj Akbar as on the day on which he was beaten by Pay Up. Following this, they had to consider the question whether the result of Thankerton's race with Taj Akbar might not safely be ignored since he could not show his true form on such a round course as Chester.

Having read tens of thousands of words on the subject, I began to feel like a man looking for a horse in a dense fog. Or, rather, it was like running hither and thither over a bog after a will-o'-the-wisp. The light would appear in one part of the bog, and a mocking voice would call: "His Grace is the best-bred horse in the race." The light would dart in another direction, and the voice would beguile: "Mahmoud is the fastest horse in the race." As I approached it, it would play another trick, and I should be told: "Derby winners usually have names associated with the arts. Remember Humorist, Captain Cuttle, Sansovino, Call Boy, Coronach, Bahram. Don't miss Boswell." And so the flickering light lured me from Boswell to Abjer, and from Abjer to Midstream and from Midstream to Fearless Fox, and from Fearless Fox to Barrystar and from Barrystar to Carioca, and from Carioca to Raeburn. So far as I could see, there was scarcely a horse in the race that had not some kind of chance either on its form or on its breeding, either because its name contained eight letters or because it had come through a wonderful trial at home.

I confess that is the kind of Derby I like. There are greater pleasures than the pleasure of uncertainty, but how much we owe to it in our leisure hours! Who but a crook would care to play cards if the result of every deal were foreseeable? Even in regard to football, much as the fanatic longs for the victory of his side, he would lose half his interest in the game if there were not as a rule a slight uncertainty as to the result. How often one has heard of the "glorious uncertainty" of cricket! We have seen in recent years how certainty has taken the heart out of the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace. Year after year the experts instinctively do their utmost to maintain our interest in the race by suggesting for months in advance that at last Oxford may win. We know in our hearts that it is not so, but we have to pretend to ourselves that it is so. Otherwise we should, in the course of time, cease even to listen in to the race. Perhaps, it is the climate in these parts that makes us so much in love with uncertainty. The English climate is essentially a gambler's climate. I sometimes wonder why the bookmakers do not open their books for bets on the rainfall or the hours of sunshine at Kew on such-and-such a day in the following week. What money they would have raked in this month when the first warmth appeared! What with the lilac, the wistaria, and the tulips, there was a day or two on which the mug-punter would have been ready to put his shirt on fine weather as a certainty for a fortnight to come. Alas, in these ultimate islands there is (meteorologically) nothing certain but uncertainty. No sooner did we, like the flowers, put on our early summer dress than a cold wind came out of the east, blotting out half the colour of the world and hardening the ground for horses. Possibly, we ought to have foreseen this, we who have lived through so many Mays. How often the nightingale, instead of bringing the sun of Africa, has merely brought back the ghost of winter! I should say from experience that the odds must be at least three to one against the sort of May week-end that the poets write about.

To be fair to the poets, however, they, like the gamblers, seem to be in love with uncertainty—at least in their attitude to the weather. Shakespeare, it is true, reviled spring weather in the Sonnets. But did not Sir William Watson in memorable lines conjure April to laugh her girlish laughter, then the moment after, weep her girlish tears? I forget whether any poet has expressed a similar liking for treacherous weather in May, but I have again and again heard defenders of the English climate arguing that the glorious thing about it was that you could not depend on it from one day to another. I have sometimes felt like asking these enthusiasts how they would like it if the English railway timetable were equally untrustworthy. Would they set out for Paddington in higher spirits if they knew that it was a toss-up whether, after reaching the station, they would have to wait five minutes or five hours for the train to Penzance, or whether, indeed, the train for Penzance would start at all that day? I fancy not. Men may be hot for uncertainty in their sports, but they are hot for certainty about the times of railway-trains. Even those who do not like Fascism praise Mussolini because he did away with the element of uncertain glory in the times at which trains arrive and depart in Italy. Possibly, by this time he has even done away with the element of glorious uncertainty in the time at which the curtain goes up in Italian theatres. He had not yet succeeded in doing so when I was there last.

As we grow more civilised, we seem to hanker more and more after certainty in the ordinary affairs of life. We—or most of us—become slaves to a mechanical punctuality. We like to be able to see clearly ahead as regards our livelihood—haters of insecurity. I once met a man who refused to sign long contracts for his services because, he said, it took the element of uncertainty, of adventure, out of life. He was a man of the heroic stamp, however — a man who loved the bright eyes of danger more than what to me seem the far brighter eyes of security. It is men of his sort who set off across the Pacific in a cockleshell and who feel happier in an unknown jungle than in a known restaurant in the West End of London. I am all for the known restaurant with its moderate certainty of moderately eatable dishes. To-morrow always seems to me uncertain enough without the presence of jaguars and boa-constrictors. I should like, indeed, so far as is possible to exclude the element of uncertainty, of insecurity, from all but my amusements. . . .

P.S.—Since I began to write, the result of the Derby has come across the wireless. Now that Mahmoud has won, I begin to realise that he was a certainty and wonder why I did not see this before the start of the race. As a matter of fact, I had a small sum on him, but not enough. Reading Miss Freya Stark's book, *The Southern Gate of Arabia*, on the eve of the race, after backing the horses I really fancied, I came on the sentence: "Mahmoud, I think, saved my life," and resolved to put the omen to the test. I did so, and he has nearly saved my life. But not quite. It now seems curious that I should have hesitated to go all out for so obviously certain a winner on the hard ground. Y.Y.

Correspondence

A. E. HOUSMAN'S POETRY

[*We are only able for reasons of space to publish a small selection of a large and learned correspondence excited by Mr. Connolly's article. We hope to publish further letters with Mr. Connolly's reply next week.—Ed. N.S.N.*]

Sir,—Debate about the merits of poetry produces not light, but merely heat. But certain *facts* in Mr. Cyril Connolly's article on Housman seem open to question.

"The unanimous verdict of the Housman admirers is that he is essentially a classical poet." It is surely fatal to go on using terms like "classical" and "romantic" without defining which of their many meanings one intends. But if Heine be a "romantic" poet, as most would agree, then so is Housman. He has "classical" qualities, also; but he clearly remains more nearly akin by far to Heine than to Horace. What is Mr. Connolly's evidence for this "unanimous verdict"?

"He takes over the pagan concept of death and oblivion . . . and lards it with a purely Christian self-pity and a romantic indulgence in the pathetic fallacy." Why are we to believe self-pity peculiar to Christians? Has Mr. Connolly never read Homer or Greek tragedy or Theocritus or the Greek Anthology or Lucretius or Virgil or Horace, with all their lamentations? And if "the pathetic fallacy" be a fault, how much of the world's poetry is free from it, from the "lonely-hearted crag" of Aeschylus to the winds that answer Lear?

"Metrically morbid experiments in the five-line stanza"—why is a five-line stanza "morbid"?

"Classical poetry is essentially aristocratic; such writers as Gray or Horace . . . would be incapable of using Maurice, Terence, and the other rustics as anything but the material for a few general images." Yet Homer could call a swineherd "divine" and devote pages to him; a Greek, Theocritus, took shepherds for his heroes and founded European pastoral; and the Greek Anthology is full of "the huts where poor men lie." Why in any case blame Housman for not being "classical"? Is *all* romanticism bad?

"The insincerity of pretending that drinking ale is a stoical gesture identical with shouldering the sky instead of escaping from it"—why "insincerity"?

> The feather pate of folly
> Bears the falling sky.

Here is no pretence of heroism; it is a commonly observable fact of human psychology.

> To-morrow, more's the pity,
> Away we both must hie,
> To air the ditty
> And to earth I.

"This," we are told, "is not on a level with Gray; it contains one cliché, and two pedantries (hie and ditty), nor does it bear any resemblance to a classical farewell." Why should it? And if "more's the pity" is a forbidden cliché, are we to understand that no poet must ever use a phrase from ordinary speech? And why is it "pedantic" to call a song a "ditty"? The pedantry may well seem to some to lie elsewhere. In a word, "Why pass an Act of Uniformity against poets?" F. L. Lucas

King's College, Cambridge.

Sir,—As a regular reader of The New Statesman and Nation I often get a great deal of pleasure and amusement from Mr. Cyril Connolly's articles. They are *par excellence* the voice of the Opposition; but they have a certain antiseptic quality and act as an effective antidote to our national drug of complacency. In your last week's number, however, I felt that Mr. Connolly had overstepped himself and joined the ranks of the professional denigrators, those often disappointed carpers to whom it is painful to hear praise of anyone or anything. I understand and share Mr. Connolly's objection to the Housman cult; I believe that both Housman and T. E. Lawrence gained false reputations by the persistent silence and mystery with which they surrounded themselves. I agree with Mr. Connolly again when he dismisses the claim of classicism made for Housman's poetry by many of his admirers—though never, so far as I know, by himself. It is only when Mr. Connolly extends his objections to the whole of Housman's work, except " about half a dozen " poems, that I part company with him. Here, surely, the mania for debunking accepted masters has gone too far, and there is an ungenerousness and a pettiness in Mr. Connolly's attack—not rendered less ungenerous or less petty by the moment chosen for its launching—which recalls Yeats' eight lines " On those that hated *The Playboy of the Western World*."

Mr. Connolly chose seven quotations from Housman's most unfortunate poems, lines which in many, but not all, cases not even the poet's greatest admirers would defend, and he analysed these passages as examples of Housman's " triteness and banality " and his essentially unclassical outlook. To deal with the last charge first, I admit that Housman was not a classical poet, but I cannot see that to have been influenced by Heine rather than (or as well as) by Horace or Catullus makes anyone a bad writer. It surely does no more than make those who called him an essentially classical poet bad critics. The charge of " triteness and banality " is linked with that of being under the influence of " the popular trends—imperialism, place-nostalgia, games, beer." Now I will not deny that many poems written under these influences have been bad, nor that some of Housman's in this category are very bad. But the influences themselves, which have been popular in other days besides Housman's, do not always make for bad poetry. Virgil was inspired by imperialism, I suppose, when he wrote the *Aeneid*, and it was place-nostalgia that moved Euripides to write in *Iphigenia in Tauris* the chorus beginning

Ορνις, ἃ παρὰ πετρίνας
πόντου δειράδας, ἀλκυών

and prompted Catullus' " Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque." The Greeks were not unmoved by games and Pindar's Olympiads do not bear a merely formal title, while the pleasures of drink have inspired almost as many and as good poems—Anacreon and Horace, without thinking—as the pleasures of love. It would have been possible for Mr. Connolly to pick seven unfortunate passages from any poet, however great, and the reason for their badness would in most cases, as in Housman, lie not in their subject-matter, but in a flaw or lapse in the poet himself.

When Mr. Connolly turns to what he calls the " better " poems of Housman, he finds them " romantic and sentimental." Let us grant him that they are often enough romantic; this is surely not a crime in itself. The charge of sentimentality seems to reduce itself to a repetition of the charge of being unclassical. Is not the five-line stanza unclassical rather than " metrically morbid " ? And is it a serious criticism of any aspect of a poem except its classicality to say that

Into my heart an air that kills
From that far country blows

—lines worthy of Emile Brontë at her best—" would suggest only a miasma to a Roman " ? They suggest something very different to the twentieth century Englishman, by and for whom they were written; but it is something which at least rests on a background of Christian culture and is therefore strictly unclassical. Mr. Connolly attacks Housman on this same religious issue and points, as with derision, at his position half-way between Christianity and Paganism. I find it rather perverse to magnify the line

What God abandoned these defended

in the " Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries " into an " adolescent anti-God jibe " ; and the line

Whatever brute and blackguard made the world

in *Last Poems* is surely negatived, as a serious expression of Housman's own feeling, by the lines in a preceding verse—

May will be fine next year as like as not.
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.

Young men of twenty-three must be allowed to feel bitter with the world occasionally (and perhaps Mr. Connolly must be allowed to call them adolescent); the rightness of the line in its context seems unassailable.

The other scholar-poet and pessimist whom Housman resembles in many ways, Giacomo Leopardi, wrote at the age of thirty-five of

. . . Il brutto
Poter che, ascoso, a commun danno impera

—the hideous power which, hidden, orders all things to the common woe and yet, like Housman, he could never forget or step outside the Christian civilisation into which he was born. Many of the greatest European poets have held a position half-way between the two worlds, and it has lent a breadth of sympathy and often a certain pathos to their works. It would be foolish to compare Housman even with Leopardi, to mention no greater names; but it was certainly neither his religious feelings nor his dependence or independence of classical models which made him a lesser poet—limited, but within those limitations a master. It would be more generous at the time of his death to dwell on his mastery rather than the limits of the field in which he showed it.

Chelsea. MARTIN COOPER

SIR,—Mr Cyril Connolly, in his eccentric note on Housman's poetry, asserts that " golden friends " could not go straight into a classical language. Why not? Socrates could exclaim in Plato's Phaedrus (235 E): φίλτατος εἶ καὶ ὡς ἀληθῶς χρυσοῦς, ὦ Φαῖδρε, " you are a dear, Phaedrus, and golden indeed." And even if this be discounted because their talk has been of golden statues, the word occurs in the same sense elsewhere in Greek, in Lucian, for instance, and later in Synesius. But the usage is still more familiar in Latin. Tibullus (I, 6, 58) refers to Delia's mother as *aurea anus*. Or take a poet whom Mr. Connolly seems to know; he need only read as far as the fifth ode of Horace to find the word applied to Pyrrha in a well-known passage—*qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea*—from which Dryden introduced it into English:

To her hard yoke you must hereafter bow,
Howe'er she shines all golden to you now.

Housman's use of the word is nearer to the classical than to Shakespeare's. For the " golden lads and girls " in *Cymbeline* are gilded primarily with *wealth* as contrasted with the chimney-sweepers, and elsewhere Shakespeare points the same contrast:

'Tis better to be lowly born
Then wear a golden sorrow.

About Housman's " lads " there is no such suggestion.

King's College, Cambridge. L. P. WILKINSON

SIR,—Late for the funeral, Mr. Connolly at least had the satisfaction of arriving in time to spit upon the grave before the mourners had departed. His article on Professor Housman, with its reference to the " pawky Shropshire scoutmaster " and " his patrol," appearing when it did, was a brilliant piece of journalistic opportunism; but, as criticism, it suffered from an evident desire on the writer's part to display his dissent from popular opinion at a time when that display would attract the maximum of attention. This was a pity, because Mr. Connolly's criticism is usually admirably balanced, and a balanced criticism of Housman's verse is to be desired, for his reputation suffers from the indiscriminating adulation of many of his admirers.

In his haste, Mr. Connolly made one or two mistakes, and it is to correct these that I write.

Labouring to prove that the spirit of Housman's verse is different from the " classical " spirit, Mr. Connolly says that classical writers being " essentially aristocratic " would be " incapable of using rustics as anything but the material for a few general images." Has he never read Idyll XIV of Theocritus? Or does he think that no one else has? Does he forget that Virgil was marked for the realism of the dialect he put into the mouths of his peasants? Is he unfamiliar with the gibe *nostri sic rure loquuntur?*

Again, Mr. Connolly says that the line " Into my heart an air that kills," " would suggest only miasma to a Roman." Those who know a great deal more of the classics than either Mr. Connolly or I assure me that this is nonsense.

But it was quite unnecessary for Mr. Connolly to venture thus into the classical field, for no discriminating person will deny for a moment that the spirit of Housman's verse is not classical, but romantic. Space spent (as Mr. Connolly spends it) in declaring that the spirit of " With rue my heart is laden " is alien to that of the Greek Anthology is wasted. Its spirit is utterly different, but the poetry itself is none the worse for that. (I observe, with reference to that particular example, that it is merely pretty, and one of the worst poems that Housman ever wrote; Mr. Connolly with remarkable innocence, or remarkable astuteness, quotes it in full as one of his " half-dozen important poems. " Several of Mr. Connolly's other quotations are similarly misleading.)

Housman's verse combined, in a most unusual manner, classical form and romantic feeling. Mr. Connolly might have written a valuable article showing where he thought that Housman fell below his classical models in point of form, and where his feeling lapsed into the merely sentimental.

It is a pity that he left that article to be written by some one with greater knowledge and a more balanced judgment, and wrote instead the article that he did. JOHN SPARROW

CONSTRUCTIVE PACIFISM

SIR,—Those who decline modern war as an instrument of policy are often called impractical. If a watchmaker simply refused to repair a damaged watch because he was only provided with a sledge hammer he would be justified—but impractical. If St. Benedict had refused the offer to become a Roman magistrate or Lenin to take office in the Duma they would have been justified but impractical. They rightly refused to use the means to hand, which means every practical man thought the only possible, but which these men saw had become hopelessly inappropriate. For they diagnosed how deep was the trouble from which their societies were suffering.

But, having refused to use the wrong means, they proceeded to create apposite means. That is the policy of the Constructivist to-day. As Wells has said, the present States of Europe are war States; they have war in their bones or notochords. To-day, however, the people who compose them are discovering that war is no longer a possible means at the present state of social evolution. The States are anachronisms and are themselves aware of it—as can be seen by their efforts not to rest on arms, but to hedge themselves with divinity by making their nation-hood an object of religious worship and to effect enlargement through racial dogma. A true social spine must, therefore, precipitate itself and eliminate this old "notochordic" social pattern of the army-State. The Constructivist recognises this is so, and therefore he works for a really contemporary order. To think of using the chief method of the war-State just when that State is itself discovering the method to be inapposite is absurdly impractical. The modern world has already seen two stages in the refinement of Force in the effort to find one that is appropriate. The professional army with "gentlemanly" rules of war reached its height in the eighteenth century. For several reasons it became hopelessly inapposite with Industrialism. The invention of the Police Force was the nineteenth-century contribution to this evolution. To-day we are discovering the Third Force. That is foreshadowed by the psychiatrist's method in dealing with the psychotic, and the anthropologist's in handling savages. It is Force developed along these lines (amply illustrated in Gregg's *Power of Non-Violence*) which the Constructivist proposes as the appropriate and practical means to world order when he refuses, as impractical as operating with septic instruments, a League air-bombing force. Such a Third Force cannot of course be a manifestation of nationalism or of the present economic system. It is the instrument of another Order, the latest successor of those Orders which have always been required to salvage, and which alone have salvaged, civilisation.

GERALD HEARD

AIR SECURITY

SIR,—In answer to Admiral Richmond's letter, may I explain why I think a policy of substituting anti-aircraft guns for bombers, and granaries for warships, is essential if we are to get either genuine collective security or, failing that, the best national defence that will still be possible?

Since 1904, when a Royal Commission turned down granaries, the aeroplane has come upon the scene, and it is not easy to believe that either bombers or warships could now substantially protect the sea-borne supplies of this country, either in the narrow seas or in the crowded ports, against air attacks on the scale now possible. Instead of a protection, bombers and warships are more likely to be a provocation—a danger instead of a defence—for if I wanted to precipitate war I would add to a country that is for geographical reasons hopelessly vulnerable, a terrifying fleet and air force. For these reasons it is essential—to Great Britain above all—to concentrate defence expenditure on measures which will reduce both her vulnerability and her menace.

This, by making an attack on Great Britain less likely to be decisive, would make war less likely to break out, even in the absence of collective security. It would also keep open the chance of getting collective security: first, by at least not using the weight of Great Britain to add impetus to this armaments race, which threatens to become uncontrollable; secondly, by setting free whatever offensive armaments we may retain to be used more predictably for collective security.

Admiral Richmond objects that "neither anti-aircraft guns nor granaries would guard the country against blockade" or protect any military force we might wish to send across the sea to help a victim of aggression. But can aircraft and warships now protect either foodships or troopships? Anti-aircraft batteries and granaries could at least postpone and lessen the effects of a blockade of Great Britain, and so make it less likely to be tried. And since our contribution to military sanctions could not now be a land force, it will have to take the form of bombers. But if this is not to be itself a danger, there must be an open convention between the members of the League in and near Europe, precisely limiting their air forces and binding them to immediate aid against aggression from the air. The British Government ought to press for this, concentrating meanwhile on reducing vulnerability and menace to the minimum.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

THE ANTI-WAR EXHIBITION

SIR,—The Manchester Anti-War Exhibition, which was showing at Hampstead during the week May 18th to 23rd, was defaced and partially wrecked on the night of May 19th. The hall where it was on exhibition was broken into and literature to the value of £7 was stolen. The money in the till was untouched, and, since an Exhibition programme defaced by a Swastika was received on the following morning, there is no doubt that the outrage was due to political antagonism.

Consisting as it did of press cuttings, rare cartoons, diagrams and photographs, much of the matter is irreplaceable.

The Exhibition is already booked till the end of November. Halls have been booked for its showing and advertisements displayed in places as widely separated as London and Newcastle. The Manchester Anti-War Council is anxious immediately to repair the damage as far as possible, in order to fulfil their obligations. We should be grateful if you would allow us to appeal, through the medium of your journal, for any data relevant to the causes and effects of war and for donations to help us to reconstruct the Exhibition as an effective answer to this very significant outrage. Material and donations will be gratefully received by the Hon. Exhibition Secretary, Mrs. Owen Davies, at this address.

Manchester and District CICELY MARSH.
Anti-War Council, STELLA OWEN DAVIES
2 Kenwood Avenue, Burnage.

"APRILY"

SIR,—I have read with interest Princess Antoine Bibesco's letter under this unfamiliar heading. Should the writer care to look again at my article, in your issue of May 9th, she will find that "Aprily" and "cathedraly" do not, in fact, occur in it.

"Ideality," which has been in use in the English language since the early eighteenth century, is a word with which Princess Antoine Bibesco does not wish to become familiar. Had she wished otherwise, I would have referred her to John Henry Newman and Thomas Love Peacock.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

2 Clarence Terrace,
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

[Miss Bowen actually wrote Aprilish and Cathedralish.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WEST INDIANS AND AFRICANS

SIR,—Professor MacMillan does not like my commenting, as I have done elsewhere (in the spirit of *magis amica veritas*) on what I consider important inaccuracies and imperfections in his survey of West Indian conditions; so I will say nothing further on that topic. But I trust Mr. Driberg will perhaps suffer me to protest against his writing of West Indian negroes as "the subject people," as some Englishmen write of them as either natives or "niggers." They are no more, and indeed rather less, a "subject" people than are our own proletariat, intellectual or manual-working "subjects" of our own proprietary and capitalist classes, and such a description cannot but appear to all classes of West Indian residents as inappropriate and offensive.

But with the last two paragraphs of Mr. Driberg's article (as I interpret them) I find myself substantially in agreement. The fundamental temperament of the African has shown itself in the West Indies as consistently unsympathetic and recalcitrant to European capitalist ideas of "development," and West Indian Africans, where they have had opportunity, have done so much better for themselves, both as agricultural producers and socially, without subjection to European employment than has been done for them by the plantations again that I can quite well believe indigenous Africans would do better for themselves (with modern scientific agricultural help and guidance) than they are in the least degree likely to do under the discipline of the capitalist wage-employment system. That, I think, is the true " warning " of the West Indies to Kenya, Rhodesia, and the rest of that class of colony indicted by Mr. Driberg.

African native intelligence and independence of spirit have not yet, even in the West Indies, been destroyed by the European capitalist system, and it is my belief that they are still capable of defeating or at least dispensing with it in Africa. Olivier

Old Hall, Ramsden,
Charlbury.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL

Sir,—There appears to be an unfortunate belief that pioneers in education are philanthropists with large sums of money behind them. The real truth is that such people, who have, in any case, much prejudice to meet, are further hampered by the daily anxiety of finding the means to hold their communities together. Dora Russell, who has all the necessary academic qualifications, has been putting her ideals into practice now for nine years, ideals based upon an instinctive love for children, and respect for their individual development.

We know the value of Dora Russell's work, at this time and in a country where educational experiment is too little respected. It would be disastrous if this work were brought to a close for lack of financial and moral support. The influence of such a school, if it can be maintained, extends beyond the staff and the children who form part of it. And an understanding of what modern education may mean is one of the vital forces of progress. Without immediate financial assistance this school cannot carry on its work. No very great sum is needed, merely enough to tide the school over this period, when it has moved to larger premises, and will be able in a short time to increase its numbers and extend and amplify its work. Supporters who will help in any way are asked to write to Dora Russell, Beacon Hill School, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Nr. Brentwood, Essex.

List of Signatories to the Appeal Letter—

H. G. Wells
J. H. Badley
(of Bedales)
Paul Roberts
(Frensham Heights School)
A. S. Neill
(Summerhill School)
Allen of Hurtwood
Monica Whately
C. E. M. Joad
Dorothy E. Evans
J. C. Flugel
Alan Maberly
(Dr. Physn.)
J. Craven Pritchard
David Garnett

LAXTON STRAWBERRIES

Sir,—In a reference to our strawberries in your last week's article on the Chelsea Flower Show by Mr. H. E. Bates a mistake was made in our name. It should be Laxtons' strawberries.

E. W. H. Laxton (Director)
Laxton Bros., Bedford, Ltd.

THIS ENGLAND

Sir,—The winner of your " This England " competition last week made easy money! We occasionally at Merton permit ourselves the luxury of a little leg-pulling, and the sly dig at a former Chaplain, Canon Brook, quoted from the College Report was a specimen of esoteric humour. Both you and my fellow Mertonian seem to have taken it *au grand sérieux !*

The Freight,
Cranbrook, Kent.

A. B. Burney,
Pres. Merton Coll. Society

Miscellany

PICASSO

It would be interesting, but will never be possible, to know how much money has been made out of Picasso. That this is not intended as an insult to anyone will be clear to those who remark that at this very moment I am making money out of him myself. Indeed, I was not thinking so much of dealers and dealing amateurs as of writers, manufacturers and the big shops. The weight of " Picasso literature " in French, English, German and, I am told, Japanese is positively crushing; while one has only to look into the windows of *Le Printemps* or *La Samaritaine* to see what the fabricators of cheap finery owe to the inventor of cubism. Whether Picasso is the greatest visual artist alive is an open question, that he is the most influential is past question.

Something like a recognition of this was celebrated, more or less accidentally, about three months ago; and for a fortnight at the end of February and beginning of March, until Herr Hitler gave us something else to talk about, all Paris was talking of Picasso. There was the great exhibition of twenty new paintings *chez* Paul Rosenberg; there was a show of smaller but hardly less exciting works *chez* Pierre Colle—from which, by the way, comes a part of the remarkable collection now on view at the Zwemmer Gallery; there were important pictures at the Spanish exhibition; and *Cahiers d'Art* produced a special number, devoted to Picasso 1930–1935, in which, for the first time, the public was given a sample of the painter's poetry.

It is customary when a great artist in one medium tries his luck in another not to take him seriously. On this occasion custom must be dishonoured. The poems of Picasso will have to be taken seriously, if for no other reason, because they throw light on his painting: also it is only as throwing light on his painting that an " art critic " is entitled to discuss them. To me it seems that even these fragments published in *Cahiers d'Art* will help anyone who needs help—and who does not?—to follow, through Picasso's visual constructions, the workings of Picasso's mind. Often in the poems, which are essentially visual, the connection of ideas, or, better, of ideas of images, is more easily apprehended than in the paintings and drawings. Picasso one realises, whether one likes it or not, Picasso, the most visual of poets, is a literary painter. He always was: again and again his pictures express an emotion that did not come to him through the eyes alone. Matisse, by comparison, is aesthetic purity itself; and that may account to some extent for the wider influence of Picasso. Notoriously his pictures of the blue period are so charged with a troubling and oppressive pathos that they have been called, not unfairly I think, sentimental. And though the immediate content of all his work, about which I shall have something to say presently, is an association of visual ideas set in train as a rule by a visual fact —the stump of a cigarette or a naked body, behind lie certain emotional preoccupations from which the artist has never freed himself and perhaps has never wished to free himself. Always he is aware, not exactly of human misery, but of the misery of being human. Always he is aware of women. Lust and disgust, women's bodies, women's ways, and what Dryden elegantly calls " the feat of love " are to this artist sometimes visions of delight, sometimes nightmares, negligible never. To deny the importance, for better or for worse, to the art of Picasso of femininity is, it seems to me, about as sensible as to believe that Shakespeare's sonnets were academic exercises.

It goes without saying that, in his visual art, it is not the ideas, but the connection of ideas that matters. This is equally true of what he writes; just as it is true of what Mallarmé or Eliot write. Picasso is a poet—a modern poet. Peacockians will remember how Mr. Flosky, Peacock's caricature of Coleridge, snubs the pathetic Mr. Listless when he complains that he does not see the connection of his (Mr. Flosky's) ideas: " I should be sorry if you could; I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him, the connection of whose ideas any other person can see." Picasso, on the contrary, is not only willing that you should see the connection of his, he seems to suggest that if you do not you will miss the full significance of his art. The task he sets is not simple: happily in *Cahiers d'Art* we find one of those examples, too rarely found in works of aesthetic exegesis, which, themselves easily understood, help us to understand things more difficult. Picasso wrote this line:

" le cygne sur le lac fait le scorpion à sa manière "

A friend asked him what he had in mind. The artist picked up a pen and scribbled on the back of an envelope a swan floating on sleek water which reflects exactly the bird's long sickle-shaped neck. Anyone who will make the experiment for himself will perceive that he has designed the image of a scorpion in the swan's manner.

Let us apply the method here suggested to a more difficult case: "le tabac enveloppé en son suaire à côté des deux banderilles roses expire ses dessins modernistes sur le cadavre du cheval sur la cendre écrit sa dernière volonté au feu de son oeil." In all humility, with apologies to the author and cautions to those who need them, this I paraphrase thus: "the tobacco swathed in its winding-sheet, a rose banderilla on either side, dies, and dying writes its 'modernistic' drawings on the body of the horse, on the ash writes its last will with the fire of its eye." This is Picasso's sense, expressed verbally, of what was suggested by a cigarette smouldering to its end in, I surmise, one of those Bon Marché ash-trays with the picture of a horse on the bottom—a tray full of ash and stumps, two of which may have been belipsticked. This is what he saw with imagination's eye. Does it not make us see a still-life by Picasso? And, the words read, the connections grasped, do we not half divine by what strange but controlled processes of imagination the master arrives at some of his beautiful, expressive, patently logical yet barely intelligible combinations of forms?

Whether a visitor to the Zwemmer Gallery will feel inclined to worry himself with speculations of this sort is another matter. Here is so much easy and accessible beauty to be enjoyed for the looking that probably he will not. Here is a delightful and representative exhibition of Picasso's work from 1908, the date of a particularly attractive picture (No. 29) in the cubist manner, to the May of last year, since when he has not painted unless it be true that he started again a few weeks ago. The big *Peintre et Modèle* (1934) is for me the *clou* of the show. I doubt whether Picasso ever used paint more deliciously: look at the right-hand top corner, where signature and date are wrought into a pattern that reminds one of a bouquet carried by one of Renoir's young ladies. Indeed, throughout this surprising composition the paint is of an excitement and lyricism unusual with Picasso. *Arlequin* (No. 31), another big picture, dating from about the end of the war, seems austere by comparison. It is hardly less beautiful. But the other big picture, *Les deux Femmes*, really needs a larger room in which to be shown to full advantage.

It is when we are looking at the smaller works, the pen and ink drawings touched in with coloured washes for instance, that we realise the marvellous certainty of the master. Modify in any of these one small patch of water-colour, and the work is changed completely. This Picasso has chosen to demonstrate in a series of etchings over coloured applications, or rather of one etching variously treated, which Mr. Zwemmer holds in reserve. By changing the dominant coloured shape—a change which necessitates in strictest logic a new combination of shapes and colours—the artist has created out of a single pattern a series of totally distinct little masterpieces. Picasso, in fact, has brought the mastery of his art to such perfection that the coherence of a design and the imaginative import of a whole work can be made to depend on the placing of a patch; and he knows just where to place it, and he knows just what the effect of his placing, both on design and sentiment, will be. Of the light and airy series of coloured drawings *Zéphyr* is the most obviously charming: it is a work of fanciful gaiety in which the touch of surprise is given not, as in some, by an unexpected tone, nor yet, as in others, by a convincing deformation, but by a breath of surrealism.

What impresses one most, however, is what impresses most in all exhibitions of Picasso's work that cover a number of years: the inventiveness of the man. If any modern painter has "exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new" it is he. His innumerable imitators must lead a breathless life of it. And this brings me back to where I began: Picasso is one of the most accomplished technicians alive, but the miracle is not what he does with his fingers, but what goes on in his head. It is clear that what he gets out of life is different from what anyone else gets; clearly it is strange, intense, disquieting and various. Because he can externalise some part of his experience—for I feel sure that he has never said all that he has to say—he has affected us all in all sorts of odd ways. He has affected our habits of seeing, still more has he affected our notions about what we see. And that is why anyone who proposes to give an account of the minds that have influenced our age, the minds of Freud and Einstein, of Marx and Pareto, will have to explore, to attempt to explore, the mind of Picasso.

CLIVE BELL

THE SEA-GULL

The Sea-Gull at the New Theatre is extremely well produced and acted. The production is the high-water mark of M. Komisarjevsky's achievements in this country. He has had more talent at his disposal than ever before. The cast includes Miss Edith Evans, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Mr. John Gielgud, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, and the best of our new young actors, Mr. Stephen Haggard. Moreover the smaller parts are well played. Peter Sorin (His Excellency the retired magistrate) by Mr. Frederick Lloyd, an actor of exact capacities within the limits of his temperament and physique; Masha, impersonated with a brave and appropriate gracelessness by Miss Martita Hunt; Medvedenko (the patient little schoolmaster) by Mr. Ivor Barnard, who hits exactly the note of querulous inconspicuous dreary goodness which the part requires. In short, all the actors show in their performances that precise sense of their several contributions to the play as a whole, which is the sign of good producing. Even the rather thankless little part of Paulina is played with that exact sense by Miss Clare Harris. I have, however, certain criticisms to make. Brilliant as Miss Edith Evans' study was of the histrionic temperament, astonishing as her naturalness and abandonment to emotion in Irina Arcadina's two great scenes, her quarrel and reconciliation with her son, and her frantic clutch upon the vacillating Trigorin, Miss Edith Evans' interpretation seemed to lack a certain *softness* (something perhaps essentially Russian), which relieves the blatant egotism of that spoilt and jealous actress whom she impersonates. There was a touch too much of the prima donna whom she acted so well a few years ago in her performance, though that element is also essential both to the comedy and the tragedy of Tchehov's play. Again, satisfying as Mr. Leon Quartermaine was in the part of Dorn, the doctor, whom he acted with a quiet reserve which left nothing concealed, at the last moment of the play when the boy has shot himself off-stage, and Dorn, who guesses what may have happened and finds it is only too true, calls upon all his professional and philosophic equanimity to soften the shock to his mother, Mr. Quartermaine struck me as slightly over-acting Dorn's presence of mind, or rather understating the agitation he had to control. This may seem a small matter, but it is important, for death is the note on which the play ends. I am inclined here to blame the producer. M. Komisarjevsky is an artist, and it is difficult for such a man not to despise a London audience, who though, in this instance, they evidently enjoy his work, still laugh in the wrong places and require things to be clearly underlined. He has been, I guess, determined not to yield an inch to their desire for the obvious, with the result that the playing of the last few minutes of *The Sea-Gull* muffles overmuch the emotional tension with which the play should end. Let the magazine, which is Dorn's excuse for beckoning Trigorin to his side to tell him what has really happened, at least shake in his hand; let him at least more *visibly* pull himself together as he stands with his back to the door of the room where Constantin lies with his brains blown out. Tchehov is, of course, a dramatist of hints, half-shades and suspended moments of tension. His drama is a drama of nerve-storms which bring no relief, of climaxes which are followed by anti-climaxes; nevertheless, I think myself this final one is slightly under-acted.

Before I leave the subject of the production, I must mention the skill with which the scenes are arranged, not only from the point of view of dialogue so that any important line tells particularly owing to the position of the speaker, while the conversation which conveys the general situation is comparatively subordinate; not only from the point of view of the pleasure of the eye, which is charmed throughout, but as this arrangement affects the entrances and exits. The cunning disposition of the trees in the scene of the second act, placed so that the entrance of certain characters is slightly and subtly delayed; of the bridge in the background, so that Trigorin may be seen upon it for a moment before he speaks, first with his fishing-rods and later with his notebook (a picture suggestive of his professional detachment), must have given delight to every analytical appreciator of the art of the stage.

The interpretation of Trigorin in this production is a new one. Mr. Gielgud carries it through with masterly thoroughness. His gait, his intonation, his natty and self-conscious appearance are all of a piece. It is a creation of his own which can be imposed upon the play, but it is not, to my mind, Tchehov's conception of the part. I can bring a curious bit of evidence in support of that. Doubtless M. Komisarjevsky knows this, but he has yielded in collaboration with Mr. Gielgud to the pleasure of creation, and between them they have invented a Trigorin who is very interesting and *can* be read into the part, but is not Tchehov's.

In Stanislavsky's interesting book, *My Life in Art*, he says he was puzzled by Tchehov's hint that Trigorin should wear shabby check trousers; then it flashed on him that Tchehov meant Trigorin to be personally unattractive, and his fascination to lie solely in his mind and in his fame; that he ought to look the reverse of the kind of man at whose head women throw themselves, though from a girl like Nina to an experienced much-loved woman like Irina they are one and all fascinated by him. Mr. Gielgud's Trigorin was, on the contrary, a woman-charmer. Now this difference not only affects the part in so far as he is a lover, but it necessarily alters the quality of his confessions. They can no longer have the flavour of spontaneous humility. They become dry disillusioned statements of facts about himself, such as an honest acute self-observer may make. What is interesting is that in a way this interpretation helps the play, though we lose by it the pleasure of sympathising with Trigorin's predicament—that of a man in whom the self-conscious literary craftsman has destroyed the power of spontaneous feeling. Nevertheless it stresses one of the themes in the play, namely, the contrast between the fate of Trigorin and that of Constantin; the former talent without soul, the latter (poor boy) soul without talent—the contrast between γνῶσις and ἀγαπή. Every young would-be writer, who has not yet found himself, must listen with poignant interest to those scenes concerned with this theme. Battered as I am now myself at last into a certain measure of easy-going self-complacency, I could not watch without a retrospective ache the exasperated humiliations of aspiring youth in the person of Constantin—so delicately, so hysterically, so genuinely conveyed by Mr. Stephen Haggard. To know what is really worth doing, to feel that, and not to be able to do it, but to see another who has lost that sense of proportion achieving whatever he aims at like a master, is a bitter thing—especially when the same man wins thereby the enthusiastic devotion of your love—and spoils her life. Poor Nina, she, too, had everything but that semi-mechanical thing, a talent. I do not wonder that Constantin tore up his work and shot himself. It was silly, but not unnatural. Yes, it was very silly. For Constantin was much more fitted to make something of life and Nina than Trigorin. Trigorin himself would have been the first man to admit that; but Trigorin *could* write and Constantin wanted to write above all things. Constantin would have given anything (he was a fool) to possess that gift, but he didn't want to *be* Trigorin—oh, no, no! "With *him*," he exclaims bitterly, "the broken bottle-neck glitters on the dam and the mill-wheel throws a black shadow—and there you have a moonlight night." While when he, Constantin, tries to describe such a night he has to talk about the throbbing stars, etc.—and no picture is made. Nina, too, imagines that to have Trigorin's fame must be ecstatic happiness—or Irina's fame as an actress. She is astonished that "a famous author, adored by the public, written about in all the papers, photographed, translated," should be content to fish and be happy, because he has caught two gudgeon. When Trigorin tells her what an author's life amounts to, she cannot believe it. "What is there so particularly nice in it?" he asks her. "I have scarcely finished one novel when, for some reason, I begin another, then a third, after the third a fourth. . . . Oh, it's an absurd life! Here I am with you; I am excited, yet every moment I remember that my unfinished novel is waiting for me. There! I see a cloud that looks like a grand piano. I make a note of that. . . . I catch myself up, and you, at every sentence, every word—those sentences may come in useful. . . . I am eating up my own life and for the sake of the honey I give to someone, somewhere in space, I am stripping the pollen from my best flowers, tearing them up and trampling on the roots." (He was doing that to Nina herself though neither he nor she knew it.) "And what does it all come to—when I die my friends will say, 'Here lies Trigorin. He was a good writer, but not so good as Turgenev.'" When Mr. Gielgud's Trigorin spoke thus, it was interesting, but not so moving as if it had been spoken by the Trigorin with the seedy trousers. One had slight doubts if the new one would have ever been compared with Turgenev. But what a complete character Mr. Gielgud projected!

What is *The Sea-gull* about? It is a study of a group of people, penetrating, detached and compassionate. They are nearly all unhappy people. Tchehov understood the way in which people attribute their unhappiness to different causes, though the root of it is in part the same—a delusion that the other side of the road is far better going than the one on which they happen to be walking. Medvedenko thinks he is unhappy because he is poor; Constantin because he has no literary talent; Trigorin because he is a slave to his talent; Masha because Constantin does not love her; Nina because she has not Irina's fame; Sorin because he has never lived; Dorn because he has lived too much. These causes are in each case real enough; but the point that *The Sea-gull* drives home is that the person who possesses what another thinks would make all the difference to him or her is just as dissatisfied as the one who lacks it. By means of these contrasts Tchehov shows that what each pines for makes no difference in the end. Trigorin's talent and the love which Nina gives him do not make him happy, though Constantin shoots himself because he has neither; the life of an actress and being the mistress of a great writer only bring misery to Nina, though in prospect they seemed like the gates of heaven. Nobody could call Irina a happy woman, though she is blessed with a hard shell. She clutches too frantically at what she has, at Trigorin and her reputation. She is jealous of her son's ideas and even of the little provincial girl who might conceivably win admiration by interpreting them. The disillusioned resignation of Dr. Dorn is not happiness, though he seems so enviable to the dying Sorin who has never "lived." Dorn has a kindly stoicism left—that is all. Women adore him, but that only means now a succession of scenes and constant demands on his tired sympathies. Yet to Sorin, Dorn seems a completely satisfied man. "It's all very well for you to argue! You've lived your life, but what about me? . . . You've had enough and you don't care and so you talk like a philosopher, but I want to live." Sorin wanted to write and get married; he slaved as a lawyer for twenty-seven years and now is near his end.

There is not a line in this play which does not reveal life, and the production and acting will delight all who enjoy dramatic technique. Miss Peggy Ashcroft is not so moving in the first act as Miss Valerie Taylor, "all a wonder and a wild desire," was in the performance of 1925, but she rises to the height of the pathos of the last act—when Nina, the poor wounded Sea-gull, comes back to flutter off again into the night. Beautifully she repeated once more those half-lovely, half-silly lines Constantin had written for her two years before—most beautifully. But I have a reproach to make: her voice is flexible and moving, but she must pay more regard to the articulation of words which she does not emotionally stress. She is apt to be indistinct. Her tone is always right, but she is apt to slur into inaudible murmurs.

I have often repeated that a work of art to be of real value must carry within it a suggestion, somewhere, of desirable life. Where is this suggestion in *The Sea-gull*? It is not in the events; it is not in any one character. It is to be found in the mind of Tchehov himself, in the infection which we catch from the spirit of the *whole* play; in the delicate, truthful, humorous, compassionate mind of one who observed human nature, understood and forgave.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

ON A MORNING IN MAY

THE Lilac is in flower, blue and white;
Laburnum drops its canopy of gold;
In their green tents the Limes' dark limbs and cold,
A heady effervescence of leaf-light,
Bare to the Sun. Like bathers now upright
After a plunge Poplars their arms afold
Shiver with joy. Willows their heads unpolled
Bend to the stream their nymph-like tresses bright.
The grass is thick with bluebells, here and there
By a Narcissus' star a drake's bronzed head
Lifts from his wing, his squatting harem's pride;
Tulips in vivid camps spread everywhere
Their turban-coloured joy. Bees bubbling tread
In mazy flight the air's blue mountain side.

W. J. TURNER

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Robin Hood of Eldorado" at the Empire

Anyone but a cinema-critic would no doubt have guessed what this film was going to be like from its absurd and unprepossessing title. But experience shows that the titles of films are strangely deceptive; and at best the screen's occasional flashes of artistry, its little gems of wit, lie buried in a mass of commonplace material. This might have been a rollicking film—and there is nothing the films do so well as rollick. But it turns out to be one of those comparatively rare motion-pictures that are wholly imbecile. Except for three good shots, the handsome photography of Mexican low-life and equestrian highjinks which made *Viva Villa!* an exciting film is conspicuously absent here. The story, pompously subtitled, is based on "fact and fancy that have been woven into legend" about the romantic figure of Joaquín Murrieta, Mexican patriot-bandit who stood out against the wholesale usurpation of California by the *yanquis* (*not* the "americanos"—that designation would include himself). In every particular—even to jiggitty tunes for the roughriding—this film goes back to the early days not of simple *gringo* greed but of our complicated cinema industry. The early Westerns were blessedly silent; here we have the full, unbelievable flatulence of talkie dialogue.

"The Emperor's Candlesticks" at the Curzon

Vienna, violins, vivacity; a masked ball; a jungle of paper streamers and happy laughter; a *Kaiserlische Hocheit* incognito—brilliantly disguised as himself, without a mask—who meets a pretty woman. It's at this point that we begin to suspect. . . . And as usual, of course, we're right: spy-stuff it is! But from then on *The Emperor's Candlesticks* improves considerably as a film, and becomes an elegant, passable entertainment. The story is by Baroness Orczy, and the "dark, beautiful spy" is played by Sybille Schmitz, who is dark and beautiful. There is another, enemy spy, and he (Karl Ludwig Diehl) is handsome, too. Both are after a pair of stolen candlesticks, which contain, in secret compartments, papers highly incriminating to themselves and (a) to Poland, (b) to Tsarist Russia. They chase them from a mournful wayside station to a Viennese antique dealer's; from there, through the lobbies of all the big Parisian hotels, to a London auction-room. In the end they win out, with relief, to respectability and love. A comic part of the Polonius type is sadly overacted, but the serious roles—if you call them serious—are properly handled. It's a film, in fact, that sets out to tell a lively tale, not to make pretty patterns of emotion. To our mind that makes it easy to sit through—and so do the *beaux yeux* of Frl. Schmitz.

"Aubade and Epreuve d'Amour" at the Alhambra

The two ballets new to London which M. Fokine has so far shown us are well worth seeing. Balanchine's choreography for *Aubade* is, like all his work, extremely inventive; it is always interesting, though at moments needlessly grotesque. Actaeon's dance, admirably executed by M. Panaieff, is specially successful. The music is by Poulenc, the decor by Cassandre, the poster-artist. This is strikingly elegant, with a faintly Dali flavour. But the scene is less suggestive of Diana's moods than of a badly shelled village just behind the front. *L'Epreuve d'Amour* is a charming enough *chinoiserie* with pleasant music by Mozart in his potboiling style. M. Fokine's choreography is light and entertaining. The ballet gets its edge from its Derain decor, a sumptuous and grave concord of colours possessing a distinction seldom seen in Derain's recent paintings. It is worth going to the Alhambra just to see this setting, which is a sight for sore eyes. (And your eyes may well be sore, if you happen on the squalidly chocolate-box scenery of *Swan Lake*.) Nemchinova's acrobatics are flawless, Eglevsky is dancing very well, and the orchestra gets an alpha.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 29th—
  "The Front Page," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
  Glyndebourne Mozart Festival, Lewes. Till July 5th.
  "The Bill of Divorcement," Tavistock Little Theatre.
SATURDAY, May 30th—
  International Horse Show, Olympia.
TUESDAY, June 2nd—
  Gerald Heard on "The New Activity—Constructive Pacifism," Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, 8.
  "Heads I Win," Embassy Theatre.
WEDNESDAY, June 3rd—
  Prof. H. M. Levy on "The Dialectics of Thinking," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind."

"That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea."

"A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead."

MR. YEATS is an almost singular example of an imaginative writer whose powers have continued to increase with his years. *The Winding Stair* is poetry superior not only to his own earlier work, but to almost any volume of verse written by a man of over sixty-five. Lines such as I have quoted plant their hard talons in the memory, and he seems to me evidently the greatest poet now writing in English. His new book, *Dramatis Personae* (Macmillan, 8*s*. 6*d*.) shows that he is also among the two or three best living writers of English prose:

> Woman, because the main event of their lives has been giving themselves and giving birth, give all to an opinion as if it were some terrible stone doll. Men take up an opinion lightly and are easily false to it, and when faithful keep the habit of many interests. We still see the world, if we are of strong mind and body, with considerate eyes, but to women opinions become as their children or their sweethearts, and the greater their emotional capacity the more do they forget other things. They grow cruel, as if in defence of lover or child, and all this is done "for something other than human life." At last the opinion is so much identified with their nature than it seems a part of their flesh becomes stone and passes out of life.

The firmest feminists may recognise here some truth, but I have chosen the passage because it is a parallel to the poem, *In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markiewicz*:

The light of evening, Lissadell,
Great windows open to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.
But a raving autumn shears
Blossoms from the summer's wreath:
The older is condemned to death,
Pardoned, drags out lonely years
Conspiring among the ignorant. . . .

It is the excellence of the prose, however, which I wish to insist upon. Whereas so many of the best modern writers insist upon their particularity, signing their work with a proud and often beautiful flourish in every turn of phrase, in this prose there is no repeated cry of "I am Yeats," but a faint touch of brogue, and only an occasional flash which is arrogantly personal. Everything is written in a style so unmannered that it could not be parodied, a style which appears transparent but which keeps its secret. "If we dramatise some possible singer or speaker," Mr. Yeats tells us, "We remember that he is moved by one thing at a time, certain words must be dull or numb. Here and there in correcting my early poems I have introduced such numbness and dullness, turned, for instance, 'the curd-pale moon' into the 'brilliant moon,' that all might seem, as it were, remembered with indifference, except one vivid image." Such an image is that "terrible stone doll," and there are women who will now always appear to me as nursing such a one. Throughout the book there are good sayings, such as this, of a writer obscure, like Shakespeare, from superabundance of life: "He is as full of twists and turns as a tree." In Mr. Yeats's writing a love for the quick graphic images of the Irish peasant has been disciplined by a later love for the masculine directness of Berkeley and Swift.

* * *

The first part of *Dramatis Personae* contains memories of the years 1896–1902—the founding of the Abbey Theatre, Lady Gregory, Edward Martin and George Moore. This is followed by a section called *Estrangement*, in which he makes notes on the incomprehension, the bigotry and the vulgarity encountered in his efforts to make Ireland a country fit for poets. Then come entries from a diary about the death of Synge; an account of his visit to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize: and the address on The Irish Dramatic Movement which he delivered on that occasion. I have marked far too many passages to quote. Here is one of them:

> Every now and then, when something has stirred my imagination, I begin talking to myself. I speak in my own person and dramatise myself, very much as I have seen a mad old woman do upon the Dublin quays, and sometimes detect myself speaking and moving as if I were still young, or walking perhaps like an old man with fumbling steps. Occasionally I write out what I have said in verse, and generally for no better reason than because I remember that I have written no verse for a long time. I do not think of my soliloquies having different literary qualities. . . . When I begin to write I have no object but to find for them some natural speech, rhythm and syntax, and to set it out in some pattern, so seeming old that it may seem all men's speech, and though the labour is very great, I seem to have used no faculty peculiar to myself, certainly no special gift. I print the poem and never hear about it again, until I find the book years after with a page dog-eared by some young man, or marked by some young girl, with a violet, and when I have seen that, I am a little ashamed, as though somebody were to attribute to me a delicacy of feeling I should but do not possess.

A Hobbs or a Mr. Bobby Jones, using their muscles with a rightness which has become second nature, might, I imagine, take as little credit for their own perfections.

* * *

The portrait of George Moore is disobliging and not to be forgotten. In *Hail and Farewell*, the book of his which remains most alive, he describes the same years. And if Mr. Yeats then felt the patronage and the sudden claws, he has waited twenty-five years for his revenge. The "rook" has survived to scarify grimalkin. I wish, though, that he had told us if there was any truth in what seems to me the most comic of Moore's malicious inventions. They were collaborating (we read in *Ave*) on a play, *Diarmuid and Grania*, and there was great argument about the style to be used. One night Moore was woken in the small hours by Mr. Yeats knocking at his door. "I am sorry to disturb you, but an idea has just occurred to me. . . . Why not write it in French? . . . Lady Gregory will translate your text into English. Taidgh O'Donoghue will translate the English text into Irish, and Lady Gregory will translate the Irish text back into English." Whereupon Moore, obedient and relieved, escaped to Paris to imitate Maeterlinck in the French of Sligo. It is acquiring "copious inaccurate French" in a Paris café that he first appears in Mr. Yeats's book, "a man carved out of a turnip, looking out of astonished eyes."

> Then I met him in Arthur Symons' flat in the Temple. He threw himself into a chair with the remark: "I wish that woman would wash." He had just returned from an assignation with his mistress, a woman known to Symons personally, to me by repute, an accomplished, witty, somewhat fashionable woman. All his friends suffered in some way. . . .

Doubtless the lady was as spick as a daisy, but Moore had learnt *le plaisir d'épater*. "I suppose," says Mr. Yeats, "we should both be more popular if I could keep from saying what I think, and Moore from saying what he does not think." Again, "He understands nobody but himself, so must be always condemning or worshipping" and "I doubt if he had read a play of Shakespeare's even at the end of his life." "All his life he had learnt from conversation, not from books. . . . Charm and rhythm had been denied him. Improvement makes straight roads. He pumice-stoned every sentence because will had to do the work of nature." Reading Moore's later books is indeed like travelling those interminably straight roads across Northern France: they are bordered by lovely trees, but after a while France seems as wide as America and the dullness becomes unendurable. The *grisaille* style of the later Moore is with all its careful elegance incapable of the variations in speed and accent without which the music of prose and verse alike becomes mortally monotonous. How different the prose of Yeats, even the extracts I have quoted will show—firm, where Moore's is woolly; flowing like a river, through quiet reaches and bends and shallows and rapids, where Moore's remains unruffled as a canal, with high undeviating banks and never a view opening into the mysterious distances.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

MEDIAEVAL UNIVERSITIES

The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages. By the late HASTINGS RASHDALL. Edited by F. M. POWICKE and A. B. EMDEN. *Oxford University Press.* 63s.

The long-awaited appearance of a new edition of Rashdall's *Universities* is something of an epoch in the history of British scholarship, not only because the book is a great book and has for many years been out of print and unobtainable, but because the work of editing it has been performed with a combination of learning, skill and tact which could not have been bettered. The first edition appeared in 1895 and was the fruit of twelve years' labour, during which, as Professor Powicke explains, Rashdall was "trying to compose a comprehensive work upon a continuously and rapidly developing subject." Since then the publication of texts has gone on apace and a great deal of work has been done on the general development of mediaeval thought. It is part of the merit of Rashdall's book that he refused to content himself with a purely constitutional study and wove into his history of the universities a discussion of the ideas which were nurtured and the great scholars who thought and taught there. But it will be conceded by all who are familiar with recent work on the history of mediaeval thought that Rashdall tended to draw too hard and fast a line between studies pursued in the universities and the intellectual life outside them, while our knowledge of the relations between mediaeval thinkers has advanced greatly since his day. The stature of Rashdall's hero Abelard is not diminished by seeing him as part of a movement, rather than in splendid isolation.

The problem of Rashdall's editors was to redress this balance and to bring the whole work up to date, without tampering with the structure of the book, or with the stamp put upon it by Rashdall's cool and sagacious mind. This they have done, with remarkable success, by means of elaborate annotation and a certain amount of addition. Professor Powicke (with the help of a notable group of scholars) has been responsible for the first two volumes, dealing with the Continental and Scottish universities, and has provided it with a characteristically judicious and eloquent preface. The third volume, on the English universities and student life, has been edited by Principal Emden. Revision has been most copious in the section dealing with Oxford in this last volume, and some necessary additions have been made to the section on Cambridge, of which "distant marsh town" Rashdall's treatment was perhaps a shade perfunctory. The only part of the book which has been entirely rewritten is the history of the universities of St. Andrews and Glasgow, which has been provided by the Historiographer Royal, Professor R. K. Hannay.

The subject of the rise and organisation of universities must always be an enthralling one, for the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us not only an unrivalled institution for the nurture and organisation of learning, but also a method of transmitting it by way of oral lectures, which, while the only possible method in the period in which it was evolved, is totally inappropriate in an age of printed books. It cannot be said that universities were (with one or two exceptions) in any strict sense founded at all. They simply grew. News blew along the dusty roads that a great teacher was teaching somewhere, perhaps in a cathedral school, and students came flocking from all lands to hear him. They had only the obstacle of distance to overcome, not, as to-day, the obstacle of language, for the language of learning for all alike was Latin. When there was a succession of great teachers and a large number of students came every year, organisation was necessary and that organisation was a university. The organisation followed different lines in different places, but there were two great archetypes, the university of students, as at Bologna, and the university of masters, as at Paris. In the majority the students were organised both into faculties and into "nations." Thus the forms of administration and instruction grew up spontaneously, by the action of the members themselves, but all important universities sought recognition subsequently from pope or king. A recognised course of studies was followed and those who passed its examinations (which were oral) received the *licentia docendi*, which was the essence of a mediaeval degree.

Rashdall's great book is concerned mainly with questions of origin and organisation and with the intellectual life of the university. But students will doubtless still turn (as generations of them have done) to the concluding chapter, in which he deals, with no less humour than learning, with the congenial subject of student life. On arrival at a university the student had full liberty to choose the master to whose lectures he would go, and in mediaeval universities the "touting master," visiting new students to lure them to his lectures, or sending one of his students to do so, on a commission basis, was a familiar figure. "In the matter of lectures," says Rashdall, "a trial was solicited with all the accommodating obsequiousness of a modern tradesman." In the student universities the unfortunate masters were subjected by their flock to treatment which makes a modern university professor thankful that modern universities are not run by the students' unions. At Bologna professors could be fined for absence, lateness, attracting too small an audience, and shirking difficulties in the subject of exposition, and if they went on a minute after the appointed time the students marched out. Ragging was common, and the youths of Vienna had to be urged to sit still and behave like young ladies and not to indulge in laughter or hisses.

On the other hand, modern students may thank their stars that lectures do not now go on for three hours, that they are not expected to sit in unheated rooms all through the winter, and that they do not suffer from the complete lack of organised and recognised amusements characteristic of mediaeval universities. What we know of the mediaeval student's amusements is mostly to be found in statutes forbidding them. Even the highly respectable, not to say intellectual, diversion of chess was prohibited at New College and at Heidelberg, and "profane games, immodest runnings and horrid shoutings" were everywhere frowned upon. We should to-day be inclined to put down to the general lack of recognised and athletic amusements the extreme disorderliness of the students and some at least of the town and gown rows. "From an evening tour through some of the worst dens and alleys of Seven Dials and Ratcliffe Highway before the institution of the Metropolitan Police," says Rashdall, "there might have been gathered some faint conception of what life in a mediaeval university town must have been like, say at the end of the thirteenth century." Yet is intellectual curiosity any greater and the love of learning any more fervid in the swept and garnished successors of the mediaeval universities? A black eye may possibly be less disturbing to scholarship than a blue.

EILEEN POWER

HAPPY ON PARADE

Walks and Talks Abroad. By SIR ARNOLD WILSON. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

It is hardly wise to accuse the volume one is about to review of dullness, since it inclines the reader to read neither the author nor the reviewer. Nevertheless, one of the most reassuring things about Fascist propaganda, such as Sir Arnold's book, is that it is so dull. It has been dull when written by Fascists, and we now see that it is dull when written by a gentleman. Duller, really, because fairer. For the old Cliftonian in Sir Arnold compelled him to insert bits about how "white and harried" the prisoners were in Dachau, and how the Nazis really must stop torturing the Jews. But dull or not, it is one of the first serious attempts at English propaganda on behalf of the Nazis and Italian Fascists, and, as such, deserves examination.

Sir Arnold is that odd, frightening, typically English product, the "humanist" soldier. If he has a revolver, it is disguised as a dumb bell. He is very successful. There are the decorations, the membership of Parliament, the *Nineteenth Century and After*. He is, of course, Tory, Nationalist, anti-Soviet. Just as, some years ago, he was anti-Lawrence, anti-Arab, anti-"lesser breeds." "Those who led the Negus to rely on the League must now explain, as it fell to me sixteen years ago to explain to Assyrian, Armenian and Kurdish leaders, that the ultimate policy of H.M. Government bears little relation to pious ideals embodied in notes and treaties. . . ." Here, in the two words "pious ideals," we have a perfect example of the half-conscious Tory unscrupulousness which calls itself "realism." It is this quality, coupled with a jolly, but entire, misapprehension as to what life is *for*, that makes Sir Arnold what he is.

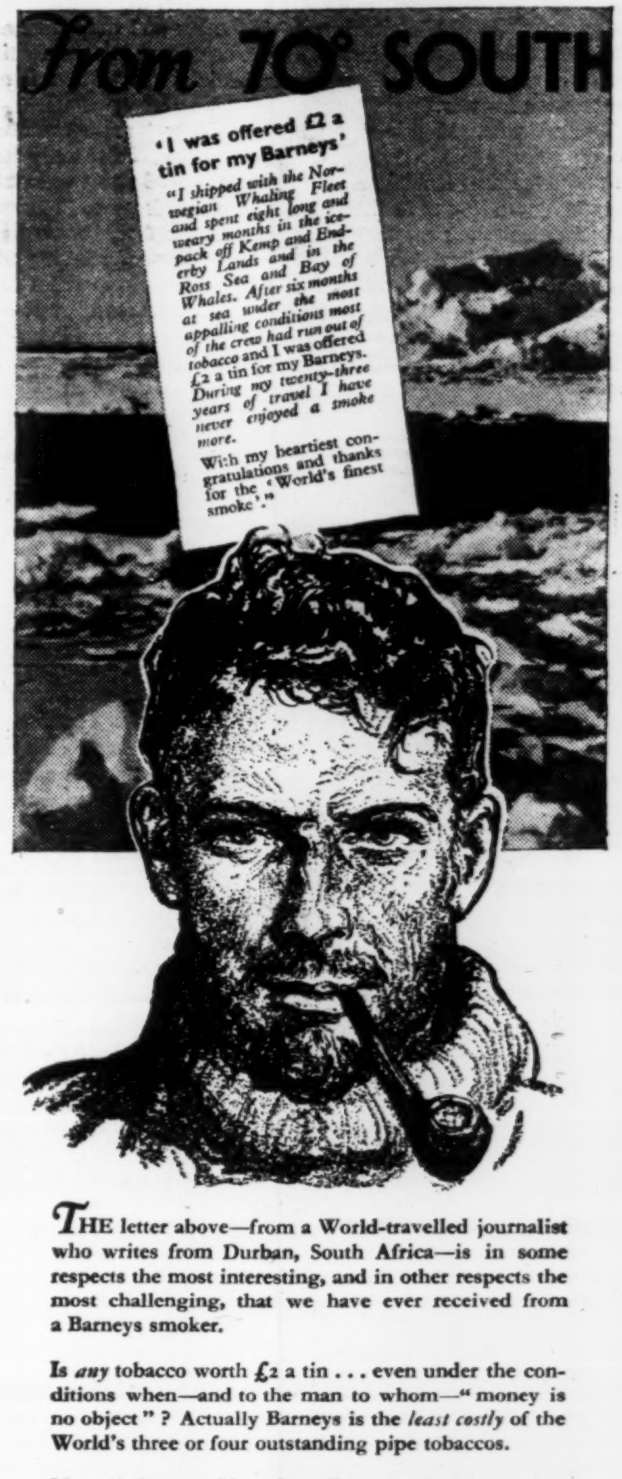
Walks and Talks Abroad is presented with a minimum of mania. To balance the chapter headings from Caesar and Bismarck, there are quieter pieces from Horace and Virgil, and there is, typically enough, an almost ironically incongruous dedication, thoroughly internationalist-pacifist, to the Youth of Great Britain and Western Europe. The book itself is a painstaking, competent record of upper-class conversaziones and experiences during the last two years in Germany, and, to a lesser extent, in Italy, with flying visits to Belgium and Czechoslovakia. Of this latter country the author rather disapproves. "The crowd . . . was less well-dressed than in Munich or Berlin: the shops poorer, the trains more crowded." The majority of his pages deal with Germany, to which we may confine ourselves. Here, cars and aeroplanes were put at his disposal, and he travelled about in the grandest way imaginable. He met "everyone"; talked with "students" and a few "workers." Often, he lectured at the local university, scoring his greatest success, not unsuitably, in East Prussia. Not once, in these extensive tours, did he take the trouble to get into contact with opponents of the regime. He didn't want to.

Now, at the risk of seeming patronising, it must be made clear that Sir Arnold is a nice man. He is serious, he likes a go at the classics, and he is fascinated by foreigners, as long as they don't dawdle. He likes them best when they are young, brown, athletic, narrow minded, narrow waisted and engaged in springing smartly to attention. He strikes the single lyric note in all his book with, "Nothing attracts me more than these Public Works Camps." The Blood Bath of June 30th, 1934, which interrupted his inspections, was, of course, rather embarrassing. It disconcerted him so much that he took to quoting the Bible, which is about all one could have done, I admit. But he managed to shake it off, as we shall see. Nothing like drill for brushing the cobwebs away. Referring to the State murders, "this was not Hitlerism, but Himmlerism (Herr Himmler was Chief of the Secret Police). It must not happen again." Next line, "I was up betimes next morning, with my indefatigable hosts, to visit a big *Kameradschaftshaus* . . . to watch the physical drill. . . ."

Unfortunately, for all his chats with young Nazi enthusiasts, for all his curiosity, he cannot quite make out what people, as people, are for. After a lifetime of brisk, yet kindly, interest in his fellow-men, the only conclusion he appears to have reached is that the more they are left to themselves, the less they resemble the Royal Tournament at Olympia. They become untidy, wilful, and somewhat wrapped up in their own affairs. It's only because they don't know any better, of course, and so, left to themselves they must not be. "The uniform was not 'military,' but looked well, and gave the men self-respect and pride. . . ." "The men seemed cheerful," "The men . . . had one afternoon a week off duty, when, clad in clean uniform, they could walk abroad or visit their friends and take out a best girl." What fun for them! But does he realise he is talking about civilians? "The men" this, "The men" that. Exactly like a good-natured colonel ruminating about the regiment. Which, of course, is what it is. Sir Arnold is one of those officers for whom the whole world is a regiment. Rather a worrying regiment. It must be disciplined. It must be kept occupied. It must be neat, and it must be ready. Ready for what? For what do *you* think?

To him, these dazed, obedient robots, toiling madly away to prepare the *Drang nach Osten*, are not people at all. They are "the men." And "the men" would be getting into mischief unless Sir Arnold and Hitler see to it that they don't. They might even begin living their own lives.

The author visited a Labour Camp at Wiehenlinden. He found funny caricatures, a radio, jokes, sing-songs, "all very homelike." Sir Arnold's spiritual home, unlike Lord Haldane's, is plainly a German barracks. But the Camp that I visited myself, not many miles away, seemed on the other hand anything but homy. Where he saw healthy enthusiasm, I saw spiritless eyes, and discipline exaggerated into the grotesque by fear. It was only after an hour in the canteen, when I had distributed beer to everyone, that gradually a life seemed to return to them, and they began to crowd around my table. The brown, sweaty masks melted, and one by one, each in a kind of cautious fever, wild to meet someone who was free, they spoke, the words tumbling. "How is it outside? What's happening?" "I'm going back to Canada," "I've got a ukelele," "Tell us . . ." Tell us, tell us. What does Sir Arnold think of that? Does he think it was Bolshy of me to encourage "the men" to talk of what they once were, what they once had—poor and unemployed though some had doubtless been—before the system got them in its grip, and stole their time, their thoughts, their lives, themselves? Sir Arnold sneers at the Republic. Who does he think built the flats, the baths, the sports grounds that he so much admires? Who does he think rescued German youth, and remade it, after the horror of the blockade, the greatest crime in modern history, and a Tory crime at that? He inveighs constantly against the "encirclement" of Germany. As he watched these young men being lectured and coerced and beguiled, with the help of a strangled press, into the extremest and most hysterical nationalism, did it not perhaps occur to him that *they* are the reason why all Europe is terrified, is arming? Has he never read *Mein Kampf*? Does he read the *Deutsche Wehr*, the professional journal of Hitler's Officer Corps?



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This is from last December's number. "A new world has come into being, for which war is frankly a postulate, the measure of all things, in which the soldier lays down the law and rules the roost. The peaceful social life of former days is converted to a war footing. Every human and social activity is justified only when it aids preparation for war."

Well, Sir Arnold thinks the Labour Corps "seem cheerful." So do ventriloquist's dummies. To conclude, I can only hope he took his fill of looking at them. Very soon, I must warn him, they will be unable to drill and jump for his edification. They will have fulfilled their master's purpose, and the fine, brown limbs that he so admires will be twisted into heaps of stinking filth. Nationalism, and Sir Arnold, will be unable to help them then. There will be no pleasure in drilling what "the men" will have by then become. There will, in fact, be only one thing left to do. Sir Arnold will have to go to the Czech frontier and drill the graves.

BRIAN HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

The Camel. By LORD BERNERS. *Constable.* 6s.

I'd Do It Again. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

O. Henry Prize Stories of 1935. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Trouble I've Seen. By MARTHA GELLHORN. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

The Camel is a short, sly, and extremely entertaining novel, giving proof of a certain gaiety which I thought we had successfully stamped out of English fiction, but which on this occasion has crept back. It is a pastiche which owes something to Firbank, something to David Garnett, and quite a lot to those short narrative homilies which children used to be allowed to read on Sundays about a hundred years ago. In the village of Slumbermere live the Rev. Aloysius Hussey and his wife Antonia. They are middle-aged, hard-working, devout and contented. But the arrival, one winter morning, of a camel upsets everything. The Vicar becomes jealous, his wife (for the animal, reminding her of her childhood in the East, stirs memory with desire), takes to daydreaming, they quarrel with the important Lady Bugle and with Admiral Sefton-Porter ("although he could hardly be described as a very intelligent man, he had a very active mind") and finally end, through the Oriental machinations of the scheming beast, in tragedy. There seem to be two opinions about this book, depending largely on whether you think a camel can "care" in that sort of way; the worst said against the story is that it is rather silly—and that by people who are in no hurry to put it down—the best that it is admirably readable, written in a limpid prose full of modest humour, and gives a vignette of English country life enhanced by the author's illustrations—Slumbermere is hardly described, yet one feels the charm of the scenery as something unspoilt and nondescript, like the few miles of happy poplar land that separate the mansion of the genial author from the home of his grave young dedicatees.

I'd Do It Again is a phenomenon. It is an attempt to apply the technique of the talkie-novel to the English scene. I imagine the author stating the problem something like this—"What is it the Postman books have that we haven't? Freshness, vivid use of the first person singular and the present tense, absence of tradition, democratic quality of the hero, who has nothing but youth, strength and the desire to work, great sex interest, obtained by close-ups of the approaches to the sexual act and a frank enjoyment of it, plenty of excitement and drama, absence of all literary allusions and stimuli except for sentimental allusions to the beauty of the day or the little woman, and to feeling 'fine' whenever possible, or even 'all fine inside.' Now, how to translate these into English, using the material I know most about, life in an office? Galsworthy and Bennett have created our office life for us, there must be benevolent and knighted bosses, faithful old clerks, sentimental office boys, traditions of long service, probity, antique methods, snuff boxes and quill pens—the only way to dodge them is to take a new and shady concern, whose personnel inspires no loyalty, lack the English touch—similarly my hero and his little woman can't live in any part of London where class distinctions crop up, for they are tabu in the talkie-novel, the conditions of life must be as American as possible—I have it, some new suburb, part of a ribbon development, perhaps, where they think arterially. Edgware for instance—then gardening can be brought in for sentiment, and for excitement my Dumb Ox can pinch from the till."

And the result is a success; though ripe with all the faults of the school, incredibly slovenly, incurably sentimental, the book comes off—one hangs in suspense over each peculation, entirely appreciates the hero's claim to have five pounds a week instead of three, and enjoys the cynical conclusion. The sex interest is less successful, because the author's method is not able to conceal the fundamental banality and almost half-wittedness of the little woman. But think of the ordinary novel about a three-pound-a-week clerk and his wife and you realise what a *tour-de-force* this book is. But don't do it again, Mr. Tilsley, all the same.

Further reflections on this book, which is an attempt to write about England as if it were America, bear out another theory that may be true about the success of American books over here. Several people have said how impossible, for instance, it would be to write a book like *Appointment in Samarra* about an English motor salesman and his wife in a town like Taunton. It's quite true, it would be impossible, but also I don't think we (the O'Hara fans) would want to read it, if it came off. I think we want such books to be about America and not about England (imagine Hemingway writing about England!) and that the idea of America is a kind of drug, a daydream country that we know as well as our own, but which must remain idealised for us, if its spell is still to work; consequently the writers we like are those like Hemingway, Faulkner, Hammett, O'Hara, Fitzgerald, Caldwell, to mention a few, who idealise it also. For the American writers who don't dramatise their country, who fill it with quite ordinary respectable people in pleasant homes, and rob it of extravagance and madness, drink and sex and cruelty, not only bore us, but give the show away. The O. Henry memorial stories, however, can be calculated to maintain the fiction that America is still an eldorado for the imaginative. But I didn't find them so easy to read as before. Kay Boyle wins deservedly with an Austrian story that is, for once, an admirable piece of Nazi propaganda, Louis Paul has a fine coloured crooner in *Lay Me Low*, Thomas Wolfe, William Saroyan, Stephen Benet are there for those who like them. From examination of the stories, one notices chiefly the increasing helplessness and hopelessness of vast classes of people, but the most interesting part is the introduction, which is an example of detailed American criticism.

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The Trouble I've Seen is a collection of long short stories written by an American who has been administering unemployment relief. They are harrowing accounts of the behaviour of ignorant and industrious people when the economic dice are loaded against them, admirably written, and far better, I think, than the O. Henry Prize Stories. Anyone who is not afraid of unhappy endings will find them of the first quality. CYRIL CONNOLLY

PRE-WAR DIPLOMACY

British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1898-1914. Vol. X. Part 1. The Near and Middle East on the Eve of the War. Edited by G. P. GOOCH and HAROLD TEMPERLEY. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The new volume in this admirably edited series is as interesting as any of its predecessors, for it reveals in a number of different cases the embarrassments caused by the division of the world between two powerful combinations, the different members of which had to try to accommodate their special interests to the general interest of the combination to which they belonged. This was specially difficult in the relations of Great Britain and Russia. Indeed it is now known that just before the outbreak of war France was seriously alarmed by the tension between her two colleagues in the Entente and Grey's bad blunder of allowing the naval conversations with Russia was due to the desire to soothe this anxiety. The new volume is specially interesting in its revelations about Persia. Nowhere did Russia press her interests and ambitions so hard. Her statesmen and diplomatists knew that the other members of the Entente were nervous of her loyalty and they exploited what can only be described as her reputation for bad faith. Grey had to consider in one emergency after another how far he could go in resisting her without running too great a risk of breaking up the Entente. This volume shows that he used at times pretty firm language. He had to face in the House of Commons a strong opposition from vigilant critics who were always calling on him to defend Persia from Russia's encroachments. But though his critics were unaware of the extent of his difficulties or of the vigour of his remonstrances, the revelations of this volume show how little Persia's own interests could count in the diplomacy of this time. Grey, when resisting Russia's intrigues for the restoration of the ex-Shah and trying to dissuade her from pressing a monstrous demand for indemnity, sent a memorandum in December, 1911, to be communicated to Sazonof. This memorandum laid down certain principles on which the two Governments could co-operate. The first of them is as follows: "He (Grey) recognises that the outcome of the present situation must be to secure the establishment of a Government in Persia that will conform to the principles of the Anglo-Russian agreement and pay proper regard to the special interest of Great Britain and Russia respectively." The third is as follows: "The Russian and British Ministers at Teheran should at once confer together as to the selection of a financial foreign adviser to be recommended as a successor to M. Shuster, for it is most important that one should be found who would be acceptable to both England and Russia." It is interesting to turn from this memorandum to the message from Barclay, our Minister at Teheran, explaining that no finance minister nominated by the two Powers could possibly deal with the thieving and corruption in official Persia and that it was essential that any foreigner who undertook this task should have the support of the Majliss. Grey had no designs in Persia. In this very paper he is seeking to defend her from the extreme aggression of Russia. Yet even he has to formulate a plan for her government in which her own interests are completely subordinated to the convenience of two Great Powers, neither of which has any claim on her confidence or her gratitude.

Persia escaped from this foreign grasp after the war. Armenia, on the other hand, was deprived by the war of her one hope of salvation. There is a long account in this volume of the attempt to introduce reforms into Armenia, and it is specially interesting, because the world has known very little about it. It represents a real success in international control. The chapter opens ominously with a threat from Germany to the effect that if Russia moved into Armenia, and this she suspected was the meaning of her massing of troops in the Caucasus, Germany would act and act quickly. But it ends well. Turkey, alarmed for her Asiatic possessions after her defeat by the Balkan States, asked the British Government to supply experts, civil and military, for the Armenian vilayets. Grey, while anxious not to discourage the Turks from

To whom does it Belong?

If the land belong to the people, why continue to permit landowners to take the rent, or compensate them in any manner for the loss of rent? Consider what rent is. It does not arise spontaneously from land; it is due to nothing that the landowners have done. It represents a value created by the whole community. It is not from the produce of the past that rent is drawn; it is from the produce of the present. It is a toll levied upon labour constantly and continuously. Every blow of the hammer, every stroke of the pick, every thrust of the shuttle, every throb of the steam engine, pay it tribute. Let the landholders have, if you please, all that the possession of the land would give them in the absence of the rest of the community. But rent, the creation of the whole community, necessarily belongs to the whole community.

Just in proportion as the interests of the landholders are conserved, just in that proportion must general interests and general rights be disregarded, and if landholders are to lose nothing of their special privileges, the people at large can gain nothing.

To buy up individual property rights would merely be to give the landholders in another form a claim of the same kind and amount that their possession of land now gives them; it would be to raise for them by taxation the same proportion of the earnings of labour and capital that they are now enabled to appropriate in rent. Their unjust advantage would be preserved and the unjust disadvantage of the non-landholders would be continued.

To be sure there would be a gain to the people at large when the advance of rents had made the amount which the landholders would take under the present system greater than the interest upon the purchase price of the land at present rates, but this would be only a future gain, and in the meanwhile there would not only be no relief, but the burden imposed upon labour and capital for the benefit of the present landholders would be much increased. For one of the elements in the present market value of land is the expectation of future increase of value, and thus, to buy up the lands at market rates and pay interest upon the purchase money would be to saddle producers not only with the payment of actual rent, but with the payment in full of speculative rent.

Thus, not only all that the land yields them now would have to be paid the landowners, but a considerably larger amount. It would be, virtually, the State taking a perpetual lease from the present landholders at a considerable advance in rent over what they now receive. For the present the State would merely become the agent of the landholders in the collection of their rents, and would have to pay over to them not only what they received, but considerably more.

* * *

George Lansbury has recently said of the author of the above passage: "His clear thinking and writing when setting forth his diagnosis of the economic and social distress which has accompanied civilisation all down the ages alone makes his work both instructive and valuable to all students. As others before him and since his day, he saw a great truth, not a mere individual or national one, but a truth which covers all life . . . a truth which comes to us from all religions, all philosophers."

The author is Henry George and the book is *Progress and Poverty: An inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth.* The new edition, bound in red cloth, 406 pages, is on sale at one shilling or 1*s.* 3*d.* by post from the publishers, the Henry George Foundation, 96 Petty France, London, S.W.1. Inquire also for other one shilling titles and full list of publications dealing with social and economic subjects.

reform, saw the dangers of giving so much control into the hands of one Great Power and suggested that experts from other countries, including Russia and France and Germany, should also be invited. This led up to prolonged discussions and negotiations about reforms and advisers and a few months before the outbreak of war the reform machinery was set up and the Turks had taken two inspectors-general from the minor Powers (this having been generally accepted as the best course), one from Norway and the other from Holland. It happened that at this time of alarms the greatest alarm of all was caused by a similar problem. Russia was very much upset by the appointment of a German general to superintend the reorganisation of the Turkish army. In the crisis that followed Grey played successfully a moderating part.

J. L. HAMMOND

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

The National History of France. THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE. Vol. II. By LOUIS MADELIN. Translated from the French by E. F. BUCKLEY. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Louis Madelin is one of those entertaining, amoral historians, perhaps more common in France than in any other country, and in the long run more damaging to the fair fame of that country than her severest foreign critic. Equipped with wide knowledge of his subject matter, he treats it in the spirit of the Boulevardier or Clubman, who prefers the successful gambler (however goblin his gold) to the noblest idealist: for him sleight of hand is more admirable than intellectuality. Thus, he won his spurs as historian by making a hero of Fouché, as he has done since of Bonaparte, while a La Fayette or a Siéyès serves him most effectively as a figure of fun. It is superficially quite good fun; but, below the surface, we cannot find the wisdom true humour decorates. For instance, in his scathing study of the absurd side of La Fayette (an easy prey to the satirist) he finally reproached him with dying, at seventy-seven, with an unwrinkled brow; yet this same phenomenal characteristic is adduced by other Naphantasts as proof of the Olympian temperament of Bonaparte.

The latter is the picaresque leading man of the tragi-comedy treated in the book under review; properly enough, for there can be little doubt that in the years covered by it the consciously political world from the Malay Peninsula to the Isthmus of Panama revolved around the will of the naughty Corsican.

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Yet by the time Madelin's present volume opens, after Wagram, that will was already degenerating into wilfulness, as the author has the candour to admit. As a good Frenchman, he suggests that Bonaparte's energy was drained by the calls made upon it by his sensual young Habsburg princess. Josephine had drawn her love-tribute from many sources, and indeed took her pleasure anywhere rather than with her husband. Yet Madelin is almost as hysterically sentimental about the precious pair as they were about themselves: for him this most unsavoury poor doll is a gracious and pathetic figure. Her treatment by Bonaparte makes it possible to present her in that light: yet it remains a false one. The union of Bonaparte with Josephine can most fitly be described in the terms of Kipling's *Sergeant's Weddin'*.

If Maria Luisa of Habsburg was more respectable than Josephine Tascher, it seems to be Madelin's opinion that was only for lack of opportunity. The graver historians hurry over the encounter of bride and bridegroom at Compiègne. Here we have it rendered with Palais Royal gusto: "He took her in his arms and kissed her. She allowed him to have his way with her, and, on arriving at Compiègne, again allowed him to have his way and consummate the marriage. The next day, when the Emperor left the Empress's room at mid-day, he displayed an obvious desire, rare in him, to find a confidante. 'Marry a German, my dear fellow,' he observed to one of his intimates. 'They are the best women in the world, good, simple and fresh as rosebuds.' . . ." A reflection, one fears, upon the Widow Beauharnais. As for the blushing nineteen-year-old bride, we are assured by our author: "His behaviour cannot have been displeasing to Marie Louise. 'I find *he* improves very much on closer acquaintance.' She afterwards wrote to her father. 'There is something very taking and very impulsive about him which it is impossible to resist.'" But she found before long that this charm was not peculiar to her husband or his family.

Madelin seldom or never pretends that his hero had any virtues: that would be too boring an enterprise: he merely calls upon you to admire his misdeeds as those of a superman stooping to conquer. Bonaparte's lies are the exquisite subtleties of an Ulysses; but of any trifling with the truth by the King of Prussia we are told, "Such duplicity baffles description." This book is better propaganda for Hitlerism than anything that honest if noisy demagogue has himself so far offered us. The author's fluent, not very distinguished, style is adequately suggested by the translation. Yet one wonders at such a sentence as "But Jerome, after having delayed in crossing the Niemen, had subsequently exhausted his troops by badly calculated marches." The original cannot have been so clumsy as that. Again, the excellent description of Wellington's position at Waterloo is marred by the ambiguous statement that it "was also flanked by bastions built at the foot of the slopes. . . ." Such a reference to mere farmhouses happening to lie in front of an unfortified line is wholly misleading. I am sure that was not Madelin's intention: however he may seem to admire his hero's dishonesty he does not emulate it.

But a Frenchman who can still brag of "the great and glorious history of the Empire" will have little cause for complaint if he finds himself a mere Gallic provincial in the revived Empire of Rome.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

LIBERIA AND ARABIA

Journey Without Maps. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The Southern Gates of Arabia. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 16s.

It is always satisfactory to be able to draw one's finger across the map—over seas, through straits, up the course of rivers—remarking as it moves: "I have been there . . . there . . . there." Very often the pleasure of this mystical conquest—the feeling that in adding to one's mileage one has added to the reality and significance of one's past life—is more permanent than any pleasure enjoyed on the road. And, for many years, no doubt, Mr. Graham Greene, when he catches sight of the map of Africa, will allow a pleased glance to travel in the direction of the Liberian Republic, remembering how he spent an arduous, unhealthy and —from the prosaic point of view—almost entirely unremunerative

Spring Up, O Well

by DOROTHY RUTH KAHN

The TIMES Literary Supplement remarks that Miss Kahn's clever descriptions of the new Jewish life in Palestine, and in particular of the hurry and helter-skelter progress of what she calls that 'sudden' town, Tel Aviv, have entertained readers of the 'Palestine Post' for two years.

'The call of the blood took her to Palestine on a wave of admirably described patriotic emotionalism, for it is now possible for Jews to have an indigenous patriotism of their own. Miss Kahn deals with every form of vigorous and bubbling Jewish life in Palestine.'

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON month, trudging among his carriers down parched, drab, monotonous forest pathways, poking into pestilential Liberian villages, sleeping in rat-infested native huts, to emerge exhausted at Grand Bassa and the sea. Sierra Leone was his jumping-off place. From British territory, he struck to the north-western corner of the black republic, traversed an inlet of French Guinea, re-entered Liberia and thence travelled, through districts generally supposed to be inhabited by cannibals, to the semi-civilised regions of the Liberian coast. At Grand Bassa he found a motor-launch and, in company with a hundred and fifty inebriated black politicians, reached Monrovia, where the ramshackle Liberian Government maintains its equally ramshackle headquarters. It would be difficult to imagine a more comfortless trip. Every day Mr. Greene endured discomfort, fatigue, acute boredom—the proximity of innumerable rats which came "cascading" from the thatched roof as soon as the lamp had been extinguished; of tropical parasites, prone to burrow under the toe-nails and into the soles of the feet; of human beings who, though usually inoffensive and sometimes extremely lovable, were afflicted with every kind of skin-disease from "yaws" to syphilitic chancres. Mr. Greene's narrative bears a marked resemblance to Mr. Evelyn Waugh's account of his experiences in British Guiana; and, like Mr. Waugh, Mr. Greene is at some pains to assure the reader that his journey served no practical purpose and was inspired by no motive other than restlessness and a mild intellectual curiosity. Mr. Greene's somewhat too-ambitious opening chapters are the least interesting and convincing part of his book. He writes with admirable vividness when he writes simply; but his philosophic and literary digressions are inclined to pall.

Miss Freya Stark is a traveller at once more scientific in her aims and much more sympathetic in her method of approach. By penetrating Luristan (which the Iranian Government has since closed against all Europeans) she established her reputation among geographers; while the brilliantly told story of her expedition, *The Valleys of the Assassins* (published two years ago) immediately placed her in the first rank of modern travel-writers. Her new book, *The Southern Gates of Arabia*, deals with a journey through the Hadhramaut, a district from which the ancient world derived its chief supplies of frankincense to feed the altars of Damascus, Jerusalem, Thebes, Nineveh and Rome. Here, in the incense country—with its capital Shabwa, the Sobota of Pliny and Miss Stark's original objective—began the "great frankincense road whose faint remembrance still gives to South Arabia the name of Happy; whose existence prepared and made possible the later exploits of Islam. . . . Along its slow continuous thread (writes Miss Stark, in her unusually interesting historical introduction) the Arabian empires rose and fell—Minean, Sabaean, Katabanian, Hadhramaut and Himyar. One after another they grew rich on their strip of the great highway; their policy was urged by the desire to control more of it, to control especially the incense regions of the south and the outlets to the sea: they became imperial and aristocratic, builders of tall cities; they colonised Somaliland and Ethiopia and made themselves masters of the African as well as the Arabian forests."

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But Miss Stark was not destined to reach Shabwa. A neglected attack of measles, caught in the women's quarters of an Arabian stronghold, left her heart so weak that, but for the prompt intervention of the British Air Force, it is doubtful if she would have returned to the coast alive. Illness was the chief adversary she had to contend against; and illness, coming on her at a time when she was close to her objective but far from doctors or competent medical attention of any sort, produced the few miserable moments of a fascinating journey. Otherwise, her faculty of enjoyment is only less in evidence than her knack of sympathetic, yet critical, appreciation; and she is as much at her ease describing the beauty of a landscape, the humours of Arabian social life or the archaeological interest of a ruined township. *The Southern Gates of Arabia* is written in a delightfully vivid and smooth-flowing prose style. Miss Stark has an acute eye for personality. She possesses, moreover, the very uncommon gift of being able to inform her narrative of travel with a sense of continuous and always exciting movement, so that the landscape passes and changes in an unbroken frieze. Now, reading the earlier section of her story, we wind down between tremendous mountain-walls into the vast palm-filled valley-bottom of the Wadi Do'an, where little towns, "built of earth like swallows' nests," cluster against towering perpendicular cliffs; now traverse strong barren plateaus, where travelling Beduin, almost naked and dyed indigo-blue, stop to stare at the adventurous foreigner and swap stories of the latest tribal raids; now the majestic buildings of Shibam rise in front of us:

> . . . . It looked as if a lower cliff had wandered out into the middle valley: wrinkled and pitted, as we drew nearer, with beehive holes; split like the valley sides in vertical fissures; the top of it splashed with white as by a giant paint-brush: an old and wrinkled city, made of the earth that made the hills around it, built on a mound wherein no doubt lie buried its ancestor cities of the past. . . . As we drew nearer, it gradually differentiated itself from the cliffs around it. The pitted holes were windows, high up and small; the fissures, long shafts of drains that add to the high look of the houses, or alleys in perpetual shadow. The houses leaned away to their white-washed tops and climbed to seven stories above a thin foreground of palms, and in their shadow minarets clustered delicate and white.

Shibam was only one of the many strangely modern-looking Southern Arabian towns visited by Miss Freya Stark, on a journey which, although often arduous, seems to have given as much pleasure to the traveller as her record of it will give satisfaction to the reader. Her book is well printed and pleasantly proportioned, and has the additional charm of including a large number of extremely fine photographs.

P. Q.

SHORTER NOTICES

H.M.S. Queen Mary. Eighty-four photographs, with an introduction by GEORGE BLAKE. *Batsford.* 2s. 6d.

This instructive anthology of photographs of the *Queen Mary* seems calculated to emphasise the contrast between the beauty of the ship herself (her lines, her funnels, her cables, her searchlights, her engine-room) and the fussiness of her ornamentation. The tourist part of the ship looks much more pleasing than the first-class, just because it has had less money lavished on its decoration. If these photographs are characteristic, the usual period decorations have been replaced by a style derived from the Paris Exhibition of 1925. Carpets and lampshades in a jargon of misunderstood Cubism whimsical mural paintings in the *Revue* style, and etiolated *suédoiseries* make one regret the comparative repose of Louis Quinze and Adam. No doubt the owners know what travelling millionaires like, but one had hoped that the shipshape decorations of the *Orion* had set an example of ship-furnishing which would command emulation. The better painters who were employed in decorating the ship are for some odd reason not represented in this collection of photographs.

The slippers on the hearth—a symbol of perfect domesticity. But there are still many sincere lovers of home whose only disquiet is the knowledge that their home belongs to another. The Building Society movement enables men of modest means to enjoy life not merely as householders but as home-owners. And the Abbey Road Building Society takes pride in the fact that countless thousands of citizens have been enabled to buy homes of their own with its help.

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Old Soldier Sahib. By PRIVATE FRANK RICHARDS, D.C.M., M.M. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

This book gives an interesting and lively picture of the pre-war British professional soldier—drunken, lecherous, full of fun, fearless in any danger he understands, easily scared by those (such as snakes) that he doesn't, and, above all, brutal to subject races. "We have to be very careful these days," says one old soldier to the author. "If we punch them (the Indians) in the face they have marks to show, so we have to punch them in the body. Most of the natives on the Plains have enlarged spleens, and a good punch in the body hurts them more than what it would us." There is no doubt that the worst offenders in social relations with the Indians, worse even than the European women, are the British soldiers—not the officers but the men—and if any doubt did linger the author would dispel it with his endless tales of assaults on more or less unoffending natives. But he is the kind of person that it is quite impossible not to like, and he tells his story with a vigour and a simplicity that are a profound relief after most contemporary fiction. The writing is of the very best colloquial type.

Week-end Competitions

No. 324

Set by Cyril Connolly

In a bureaucratic State friendships are formed by examinations. We offer a prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the most searching questionnaire by which an applicant can be judged as a suitable companion for you. Not more than ten questions may be asked, and they may be either direct or in the form of alternatives (one of these is a good painter, Degas, Oswald Birley, Laura Knight, etc.).

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 5th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

THE NEW OUTLOOK.

In modern society, there is a tendency for man to become the victim of his own inventions. Labour-saving machinery tends to create unemployment. Scientific achievement, devoted to the construction of war machines, threatens civilisation with extinction; the accumulation of wealth (which cannot find profitable opportunities for investment) results in under consumption. Men become poor because of their social riches, life becomes precarious because science has mastered the forces of nature; leisure which we sought as a blessing, comes to us as the curse of enforced idleness.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 322

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Very disappointingly Miss Austen ends *Emma* before Mrs. Elton has received the promised visit from her sister. We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best extract of not more than 300 words from a final chapter in which Emma and Mrs. Suckling converse.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This competition was designed to demand invention as well as imitation from the competitors, for we know nothing of Mrs. Suckling except from her sister's reports, and we are free not to believe everything Mrs. Elton says. Most competitors decided that Selina was pleasanter than Augusta, presumably because she could hardly be more unpleasant: and several represented her as broken in spirit, as a result, no doubt, of the years she had spent with her dominating sister. Thus R. D. C. made her a pale, sighing admirer of her sister, "Augusta is always right"; and Helen Longmore made her "as spiritless and despondent as her sister was vigorous and undaunted." D. J. Watteson made her the patient shadow of an overbearing husband. Winifred Gentleman writes: "Mrs. Suckling's ignorance was much in excess of her sister's, but Emma was relieved to find that her malice was infinitely less." D. and B. Sturge Moore made her prettier than her sister, but silly and insipid; Dora Casserley gave her "more elegance and at least as much good humour." M. H. Bennett in an excellent entry gives her great politeness; Muriel M. Malvern makes her more restrained. Joan Jukes, M. Snow and Pratensis, on the other hand, have decided that she was even more insufferable. The standard of the entries was unusually high, and I wish I had more prizes to award.

In Harry Broadbent's entry, Mrs. Suckling has no barouche-landau, and Maple Grove is no estate but a common thoroughfare. I doubt if this captivating idea will stand close examination. Would Mrs. Elton have obtained a post at the Smallridges for Harriet, when this must result in her boasts being exposed as baseless? Also his style is not uniformly correct. I recommend that the two prizes be divided equally between Allan M. Laing, William Bliss and Eremita. The first of these had, I think, the better notion of Mrs. Suckling's character, but his entry is disfigured by "the most expensive seat." Would even Mrs. Elton have said more than "the best seat"?

No. 1

Mr. Knightley and Emma had not long been married when an event occurred for which all Highbury had been waiting impatiently—the long-promised visit of Mrs. Suckling. Two facts made the visit less impressive than it might have been: Mr. Suckling's business affairs kept him at Bristol; and the barouche-landau stayed with him, since he considered that something stronger and less ornamental was more suitable for the journey. These two misfortunes sadly diminished Mrs. Elton's glory. She was reduced to making the most of Mrs. Suckling; and it soon appeared that it was not easy to make anything of Mrs. Suckling. . . .

"My sister, Mrs. Suckling," said Mrs. Elton. Emma shook hands with a plump, insipid-looking woman and apologised for Mr. Knightley's absence. He had had to see William Larkin at Donwell.

"What! Knightley not here?" exclaimed Mrs. Elton, sharply. "How excessively disappointing. Poor dear Selina! All your trouble for nothing! How vexed Knightley will be, too!"

But Emma was determined not to be put out. "I hope you had a comfortable journey?" she said. Mrs. Suckling smiled vaguely, and her sister broke in with: "Yes, exceedingly so. Mrs. Suckling travelled post-chaise in the most expensive seat, and you may be sure the guard was all attention to *her*."

"Are the children well?" Emma persevered.

A faint gleam of interest appeared in Mrs. Suckling's lack-lustre eyes and she seemed for a moment about to speak, but she only smiled and left Mrs. Elton to enlarge on the little Sucklings and the pure air of Maple Grove.

Presently they departed, and Emma was free to reflect with some amusement that the great Mrs. Suckling of Maple Grove was only a creation of her sister's pride. The real Selina would never have a word to say for herself. . . . ALLAN M. LAING

No. 2

"I am indeed sorry he should not have been here to receive me," was her first sentence when Emma had explained that her husband's duties at Donwell Abbey often called him away for a few hours, "for I should have been pleased to meet so superior and gentlemanlike a man as Mr. Knightley is by all accounts; as indeed one would expect the owner of Donwell Abbey to be. Donwell Abbey! quite one of the County estates I understand from Augusta, and having even more extensive grounds than Maple Grove! Yes, I wish the owner of Donwell Abbey had been here!"

Emma was too astonished to do more than murmur her regrets and

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her assurances that Mr. Knightley would be equally disappointed, and added:

"My father, too, will be sorry not to have been well enough to entertain you; but his ill-health has recently ——"

"Oh! yes, of course, your father, Mr. Woodhouse. Poor man! I had forgot him; though indeed I should have remembered, for it was on his account I hear that you are living here instead of at Donwell Abbey; a most extraordinary arrangement—quite the most extraordinary I ever heard of! How you were persuaded to such an arrangement I cannot think! How ——"

"I was not persuaded," broke in Emma, "I mean that I told Mr. Knightley that I could not leave my father and he was very ready to understand and agree."

"Yes, yes, very ready, I have no doubt!" said Mrs. Suckling, smiling archly. "So old a man—so much older a man I mean, than you; he was not yet sure of you! But I think," more archly still, "that Miss Emma Woodhouse must have employed her charms to some effect to induce so strange an arrangement! He must indeed have been infatuated!"

"Odious, insufferable woman! 'Old man,' my 'charms,'" was Emma's thought, but she only said in reply: "It was not so, I assure you. Indeed, I remember it was his own suggestion."

"Yes, I daresay; he would have proposed *anything!* Infatuation! You were quite right to use your power—though I do not understand *your* wishing to give up Donwell Abbey for ——"

Emma could bear no more. "My duty was to my father," she said, shortly; and then, changing the subject directly, "I hope you find your sister well and happy?" WILLIAM BLISS

No. 3

"Mrs. Elton has told us something of the elegance of Maple Grove," said Emma, at last choosing a subject upon which her companion was certain to be able to speak with some degree of animation.

"Augusta is too partial," said Mrs. Suckling, with a satisfied smile. "It is a nice enough little place, Mrs. Knightley, and I believe it must be generally admired. We do not affect to equal the great estates, and Mr. Suckling has sometimes spoken of purchasing something more considerable; but I confess that I am against leaving Maple Grove. There is something about a family property, Mrs. Knightley: you with Donwell can understand me, I am sure. I should never feel the same about another seat. Besides, the neighbourhood is so good. Mrs. Bragge quite near, and the Smallridges only four miles away. And what are four miles with one's horses? I declare I am so soon at Mrs. Smallridge's, that I feel quite ashamed to have ordered out the barouche-landau for such a short journey. I quite pity you, Mrs. Knightley. Augusta tells me there is no society here. There is only your house and hers."

"I think you have not yet been to Randalls," said Emma.

"Oh, the Westons are good enough people in their way, Mrs. Knightley, but one cannot forget that Mr. Weston was formerly in trade. I allow Mrs. Weston is tolerably genteel, but she was only a governess, you know. There is just such a family as the Westons near Mr. Suckling's seat: the Tupmans of Birmingham. Mr. Suckling, who is friendly to a fault, would like me to receive them at Maple Grove, but this I shall never consent to." EREMITA

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 179.—ST. JZKA'S

In the course of a recent trip to Mathemania, I visited St. Jzka's, the famous Academy for Girls. Here I found the Principal, Mme. Sezu, in a state of high indignation.

I enquired what was the matter.

"Why," said Mme. Sezu (in the Mathemanian tongue, of course), "this happens to be Accession Day—the anniversary of the day on which our King came to the throne. And on this day, each of our school prefects is entitled, by an old custom, to a present of 50 dinars, paid in silver coins of 4, 3 and 2 dinars."

"Rather like our Maundy money," said I.

"Possibly . . . Now the money is paid in a very interesting way. The money that each girl gets is 50 dinars, but the number of coins she gets depends on the number of years that the King has reigned. One coin for every year of his reign. That rule was made in the interests of economy. It means, you see, that no money is presented at all till the King has been reigning a certain time."

I didn't see at the time, but I've worked it out since that it must be so.

"Now," Mme. Sezu went on, "this year, as it happens, the number of ways in which the 50 dinars can be presented is, as it happens, a maximum. And, more interesting still, there are just enough girls entitled to the money to allow each to receive it a different way. Having discovered this, we wrote and asked that each girl should get it in a different way. I thought it would be rather nice for them."

"So it would," said I.

"But what do you think the fools have done? They've sent an equal number of all three coins! The right total, in dinars, but the selection of coins is hopeless: it doesn't allow the distribution to be made."

"Have you pointed that out?" I asked.

"Yes. And what I now hear is that, while the mistake is admitted, we still can't have the coins the way we want them. We're to effect the distribution to the girls with *the smallest possible number of coins*, sending back what is necessary for this purpose and getting others in exchange."

"How silly," said I, sympathetically. "But Government Departments are the same everywhere, aren't they?"

What coins did Mme. Sezu send back and what did she get in exchange?

PROBLEM 177.—TOMMY'S RACE

TOMMY IS 15
John is 25.
Dad is 45.
Grandad is 65.

The race is over 100 yards, thus the respective distances of the four competitors (by implication, in yards) are 85, 75, 55, 35. This gives the arithmetical progression—15, 25, 35, 45, 55, 65, 75, 85.

Some competitors have come unstuck through assuming that there is not one arithmetical progression but two. I do not think the wording of the problem lends itself to this assumption—which, in any case, gives no satisfactory solution.

PROBLEM 176.—THE CONVICT'S CUP

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: S. H. Hollingdale, Technical Staff Mess, Royal Aircraft Establishment, S. Farnborough, Hants.

Seven points are awarded.

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Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

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ALLOCATION OF PROFITS

The net profit of £1,264,406, after deducting £167,165 for Income Tax, leaves a balance of £1,097,241, which, together with £73,469 brought forward from the previous year, makes a total of £1,170,710 available for distribution. After the payment of the dividends on the two classes of Preference Shares, and the Interim Dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary and " A " Ordinary Shares, there is left an available balance of £850,465, which the Directors recommend should be appropriated as follows:

Debenture Redemption Fund ..	£10,544	against	£10,000	last year.
Properties Contingency Reserve ..	£50,000	„	£150,000	„
General Reserve Account ..	£343,496	„	£206,969	„
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and " A " Ordinary Shares at the rate of 25 per cent. thus making 40 per cent. for the year ended March 31st, 1936 ..	£358,741	„	£326,128	„
By carrying forward to next year's Accounts	£87,684	„	£73,469	brought in.

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors further recommend that £143,496 part of the General Reserve Account, be capitalised and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and " A " Ordinary Shares of the Company in the proportion of one " A " Ordinary Share for every ten Ordinary and/or " A " Ordinary Shares held.

RESERVES

The Directors consider that the proposed allocation this year of £50,000 to the Properties Contingency Reserve will be an ample addition to that Fund, which will then stand at £234,013.

After the allocations proposed, and after making provision for the Bonus Shares, our General Reserve will stand at £1,700,000.

The sum of £243,120 has been charged against the Accounts in respect of Depreciation and Repairs to Properties and Fixtures before arriving at the net profit. This compares with £202,752 for the preceding year.

Turning to the assets side of the Balance Sheet, Freehold, Leasehold and Leased Properties stand at £6,382,334, being a net increase of £924,661.

DEVELOPMENT

We have built 15 new stores, five of which have replaced stores which had become wholly inadequate to our needs. Further, we have completed considerable extensions to 19 other stores. We are now operating 209 stores.

Our programme at present for 1936–7 embraces 22 entirely new stores (three being replacements) and over 30 extensions.

We have continued to spread our business over the country, but you will have noticed that the number of extensions last year exceeded the number of new stores, and that in the current year this will be even more the case. The popularity of our stores compels us, wherever we can to enlarge their size, in order to cope with the increasing trade. The growth of our business and the growth of the individual store is not merely mechanical; it is organic. Our ideas develop with our experience and demand the rebuilding of the older stores to express these ideas. The extension of a store means more than an addition to selling space. It involves re-planning, re-equipping, and modernising the whole store to conform with the development of our business.

The present resources of the Company will provide for our expansion during this year, but the development we contemplate beyond this period will call for fresh capital over and above the amounts retained in the business from profits each year. Your Directors will make the necessary financial arrangements when required.

THE TREND OF EMPLOYMENT

The industrial life of Britain has been in a condition of rapid change since the War. Outstanding among changes is the increase in the distributive trades and the decline in the older manufacturing industries. The increase in the numbers engaged during the last twelve years in the distributive trades (753,000) is almost equal to the decrease in those engaged in coal, cotton, wool, shipbuilding and ship-repairing, general engineering, and iron and steel (779,280).

Whilst the old staple trades are subject to increasing mechanisation there is practically no place for mechanisation in the distributive trades and services, and their expansion necessitates a growing volume of employment.

CHANGING DEMANDS

A fundamental change in people's habits has come about. Millions are enjoying a substantially higher standard of living. Producer and distributor must adjust themselves to this new level of demands, which their own activities have helped to create.

To this substantial rise in the standard of living our Company claims to have made a definite contribution.

We have been fortunate in winning the co-operation of manufacturers who, like ourselves, are prepared to respond quickly to the changes in public demand. We have taken the lead in aiding our manufacturers to produce good, serviceable commodities at prices within the income range of the majority of the population. With the assurance of large scale orders they are in a position to buy their raw materials at the best prices, instal the most efficient machinery, and lay out their plants to give the most economic results.

STAFF WELFARE

The Company now employs nearly 13,000 persons permanently, and the improvement of their working conditions is the constant care of the Board. The Company has expended under the heading of " Welfare " a sum of nearly £60,000 during the past twelve months.

PENSION SCHEME AND BENEVOLENT FUND

Your Board has decided to introduce a scheme of Group Life Assurance and Pensions for certain sections of the male staff. The scheme will be upon a contributory basis. The Company will undertake to bear the cost of the pensions provided by the scheme in respect of past services, and will make considerable contributions towards the cost of future pensions. The Company will also pay the entire cost of the benefits payable on death or disablement.

In addition to the Pension Scheme, the Directors propose to create a Benevolent Fund, which will be vested in Trustees, designed to meet needs not covered by the Pension Scheme and to deal with certain other classes of our employees who cannot be included in a Pension Scheme.

In order to set up the Benevolent Fund, you will be asked to agree that 40,000 " A " Ordinary Shares in the Company be issued at par to Trustees. Certain of the Directors have agreed to provide the £10,000 cash necessary to subscribe for these shares. The Trustees will deal with these shares at their discretion in the interest of those concerned.

RETIREMENT AND RE-ELECTION OF DIRECTORS

The Shareholders will have gathered from the Report that there have been changes in the constitution of the Board of Directors of the Company. When addressing you last year, I referred to the fact that Mr. Alexander Isaacs had found it necessary, in consequence of ill-health, to relinquish the office of Assistant Managing Director which he had filled for a long period of years, but that he was proposing to continue in office as a Director. Unfortunately, the health of Mr. Isaacs did not improve sufficiently to enable him to give that attention to the affairs of the Company which he would have wished; accordingly he requested the Board to accept his resignation, which they did with regret.

The Board are also sorry to lose the services of Mr. R. F. Norland, who resigned during the year. I should like to put on record our appreciation of Mr. Norland's services to the Company which dated back to the time of its incorporation.

The Board was left with three vacancies; accordingly the remaining Directors exercised their power to fill them by appointing the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, P.C., M.P.; Captain C. E. Benson, D.S.O.; and the Marquis of Milford Haven, G.C.V.O.

In accordance with the provisions of the Articles of Association, the new Directors retire from office at this meeting, and you will be asked to pass a formal resolution re-electing them to the Board.

Mr. Sacher is the Director who retires from office by rotation, and he being eligible, you will be asked to re-elect him to the Board.

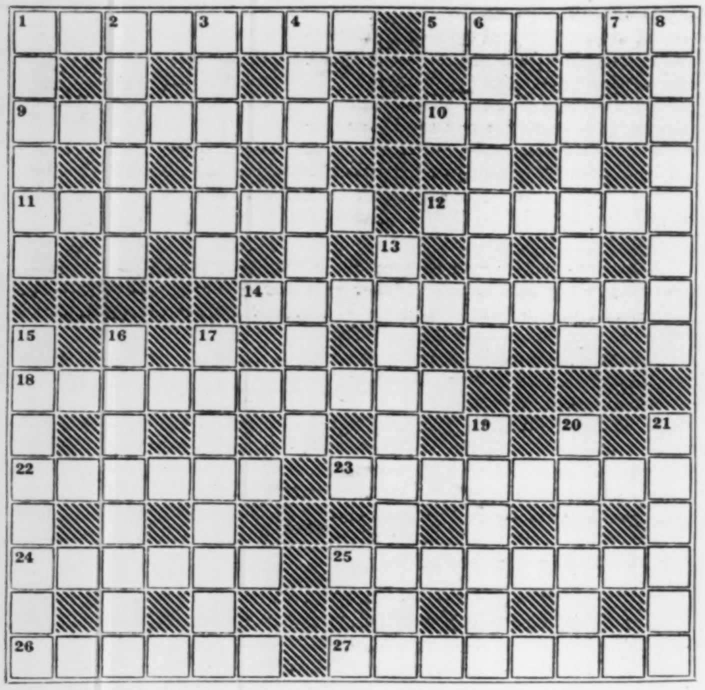
THANKS TO OFFICERS AND STAFF

It is a pleasant duty to propose the thanks of the Board and of the Company to the staff, who have carried out their duties with loyalty

(*Continued on page* 875)

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 325

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
C. Randolph Smith, Ardfardach, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire

ACROSS

1. Does this gunman make a hit hawking cooked food?

5. The Post Office got round the others.

9. Unilluminating pleasures.

10. Take a little more water with it.

11. Totalitarian dictators expect the Church to be fully this.

12. A superior woman.

14. When in use it generally has to be bolstered up.

18. Gives a sort of blind support.

22. The O.B.E. was this King's first Order.

23. Not a stony-hearted figure, yet extremely so.

24. The path is tortuous.

25. No gas? Yes, turned on for one to smell.

26. Concluding festival of 8.

27. 19 didn't do this man's job very successfully.

DOWN

1. You must get on to the tribe.

2. Useful for dropping on squeakers and shutting them up.

3. Touring objects.

4. Doctor's dismissal of his case?

6. They have a spectral appearance.

7. One does not cheek cook in it.

8. A branch of this would be an uncultured peace offering.

13. Not the housemaid's name for the carpet.

15. A knightly blow.

16. Buoyish wear for a man.

17. Cut the lino up and put it in the care of a Queen of England.

19. Child's play for a crooked girl.

20. Scottish buccaneer.

21. How precious metals are hunted.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	E	S	P	O	I	L	S	■	S	C	O	F	F	S
E	■	W	■	R	■	I	■	S	■	L	■	A	■	W
M	A	I	N	S	H	E	E	T	■	O	U	N	C	E
O	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	C	■	F	■	E
B	E	D	A	N	D	B	R	E	A	K	F	A	S	T
■	■	O	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	C	■	R	■	P
S	I	N	G	L	E	D	■	T	R	A	P	E	Z	E
T	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	A
A	R	I	O	S	T	O	■	S	T	E	P	P	E	S
N	■	N	■	T	■	T	■	T	■	■	■	L	■	■
D	E	V	O	N	S	H	I	R	E	C	R	E	A	M
F	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	D	■	O
A	P	I	N	G	■	R	O	A	D	S	I	G	N	S
S	■	C	■	H	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	E
T	W	E	N	T	Y	■	P	E	R	S	I	S	T	S

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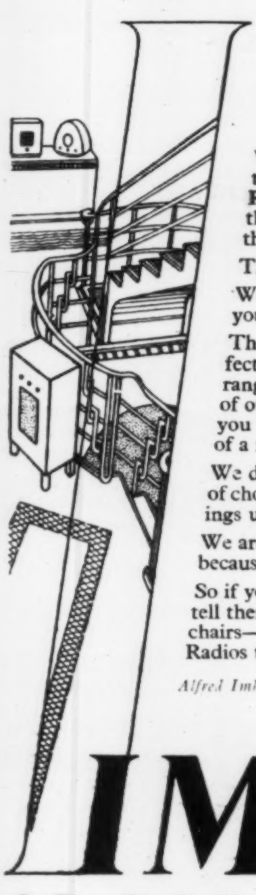

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We were amused the other day to hear that some people fought shy of buying a Radio at Imhof's because they thought they would have to pay more for the set than if they went to a smaller shop.

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IMHOF
AT·YOUR·SERVICE

C. R. Casson 2

MARKS AND SPENCER, LTD.—*(Continued from page* 873).

and enthusiasm. Their team spirit and loyal co-operation is responsible in no small measure for the success of the business.

Mr. Simon Marks then moved the adoption of the Report and Accounts.

In the absence of Mr. I. M. Sieff (Vice-Chairman), Mr. Norman Laski, B.A., seconded the Resolution for the adoption of the Report and Accounts, which was carried unanimously.

Resolutions were also passed re-electing Directors, approving Capitalisation of Reserves and bonus issue and the creation of a Staff Benevolent Fund.

It was announced that Letters of Allotment in respect of the Bonus issue and Dividend Warrants will be posted on June 4th to those Shareholders whose names were on the Register of Members on May 4th, 1936.

A CORRECTION

In the advertisement for British Industries Fixed Trusts which appeared in our issue of the 9th May it was stated that "the gross annual yield on an investment divided equally between the *two* Portfolios is approximately 4½%." This is incorrect. There are not two but ***four*** Portfolios.

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The Delegacy invite applications for the post of full-time Head of the Evening Department of Adult Education. Salary scale, £480–25–£630. The appointment will take effect from September 1st, 1936.

Application forms and further particulars from the WARDEN, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed application forms should be returned by June 15th.

YOUNG man, interested books, ideas, etc., with some capital available, would welcome job, preferably in bookshop. Some experience. Box 205, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN Graduate, 23, adaptable, seeks post for July. Box 209, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE Weston-super-Mare Divisional Labour Party desires services of candidate willing to undertake sporting fight in backward area. Applications to A. J. HEYBYRNE, Hillcote, Spring Hill, Worle, Somerset.

WOMAN, B.A., travelled, lecturer, experienced in research and "reading" for author, desires post with newspaper, scholar or publisher. Box 211, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ADVERTISER (male) would like to work in bookshop or library with a view to partnership. Widely read. Some previous experience. Box 210, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

TALK ABOUT DEARER MONEY!—ANGLO-IRANIAN DIVIDEND AND POLITICS—THE CASE FOR SHELL TRANSPORT

THE attempt to talk money dearer is not meeting with much success. I notice that the leading exponents of dearer money are already becoming somewhat dispirited. For example, the City Editor of the *News Chronicle* this week was almost throwing up the sponge. " The time has not yet come," he said, " when the Treasury will willingly dispense with the comforts of easy money." It only remains for the *Economist* to admit that it is twelve months too soon in its prognostication of higher interest rates. I admit that in the last fortnight there has been some hardening of " short " money, but this is a temporary phenomenon brought about by various causes. First, there has been an increase in the tender issues of Treasury bills mainly as a result of the Exchange Equalisation Fund operating in support of the franc, but partly as a result of the preparation for the coming War Loan dividend. In the last seven weeks tender issues of Treasury bills have risen from £493 to £558 millions and the " floating assets " of the Public Departments have fallen from £260 to under £238 millions. Secondly, the cash reserves of the joint stock banks have been depleted as a result of the abnormal hoarding of Bank of England notes by foreigners. The Bank of England return shows a rise in note circulation from £401 millions in January to £423 millions last week. Probably more than half this increase is due to hoarding by foreigners fearful of the devaluation of their currencies. The Bank of England is, of course, providing against the increase in the note circulation by buying gold from the Exchange Equalisation Fund, as the Treasury has no wish to seek Parliamentary powers to increase the amount of the fiduciary issue. It may not be long before the hoarded notes return to the Bank if M. Blum obtains full discretionary powers to deal with the financial crisis; but in any case our own authorities are perfectly capable of looking after the short-term money position.

* * *

As for the long-term outlook I refuse to believe in the necessity for dearer money as long as we operate a closed monetary system off gold, and as long as the Bank carries its gold at the fictitious price of 85*s*. per ounce. The £205 millions worth of " old " gold lying in the Bank's issue department is worth £338 millions at the market price of 140*s*. Moreover, the Exchange Equalisation Fund, according to *The Economist*, has acquired in the last eighteen months between £100 and £150 millions of gold. With these enormous gold reserves there is no reason why the Bank should not increase the supply of bankers' cash. If the joint stock banks find themselves in difficulty as a result of the continued increase in advances, the Bank of England must indulge in open market operations. The time has come, in fact, for another controlled inflation of bank credit.

* * *

I have no doubt that the disappointing dividend of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—final 10 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year against the market expectation of 20 per cent.—was a matter of politics. The Government, which holds £7,500,000 out of £13,425,000 ordinary stock, has two representatives on the Board, and although these gentlemen are not supposed to interfere in the commercial affairs of the Company, I suspect that they were advised by the Treasury to vote against the declaration of a bumper dividend. As the Government and the Company have been severely criticised for selling oil to the Italian aggressor, would not a bumper dividend be regarded as the price of sin? In point of fact, the supply of oil to Italy has never been an important part of the Anglo-Iranian trade, and last year it actually showed an appreciable decline. The benefits from sales of oil to the Italian forces have been small, while the Anglo-Iranian has probably suffered by being forced to supply fuel to the British fleet in the Mediterranean in greater quantities at the old—and not very remunerative—contract price. On its British trade the Company should have done well. If I am right in supposing that the Anglo-Iranian share of the home petrol market is about 250,000,000 gallons a year, a penny increase on petrol brings an additional revenue of over £1,000,000. Last year petrol was advanced by a penny per gallon in May, so that the Anglo-Iranian ought to have received at least an extra £600,000. Yet its net profits, in spite of a larger consumption and lower costs of distribution, showed an increase of only £335,000. Politics and oil mix often, but badly.

On the dividends just declared Shell Transport and Trading are obviously the cheapest " investment " share in the oil market:

	1935.		Price.	Dividend.	Gross Yield.
	Low.	High.		%	%
Shell Transport and Trading £1 ..	44/1½	83/9	£5 c.d.	17½ net	£4 15 0
Burmah Oil £1 ..	70/–	85/7½	4⅝ x.d.	20	£4 6 6
Anglo-Iranian Oil £1	41/10½	71/3	4¼ c.d.	15	£3 11 9

A dividend yield of 4¾ per cent. is above the average return offered by leading industrial shares to-day. What, then, can be said against the purchase of Shell Transport and Trading? Some investors dislike the obscurantism of the Shell accounts. Each year an impressive display of financial strength is given by the Shell balance sheet, but the trading account tells no tales—it just discloses sufficient profit to pay the annual dividend. Until the Companies Act is amended to compel holding companies to publish consolidated accounts, showing the total net earnings of all their subsidiaries, we shall never obtain any information from Sir Henri Deterding and his colleagues. But I have a strong suspicion that if consolidated accounts were available, the financial and trading strength of the Royal Dutch-Shell would be found to be greater than it is now shown. Secondly, some investors dislike having to keep an eye on the American oil situation. If they invest in Shell, a holding company which has its trading risks distributed about the world, they need not be particularly concerned with the United States. The general level of oil prices and the trend of oil consumption are their main concern, and to-day oil prices afford a satisfactory margin of profit and world consumption is steadily rising. America may, of course, become an important factor, for the Royal Dutch and Shell have a majority interest in Shell Union, which has just resumed regular dividends on its preferred stock and should be able to pay a dividend on its common stock next year. Even Mexico may be yielding a dividend before long. Looking ahead, there is obvious scope for a further expansion in Shell Transport and Trading earnings. I can even see the possibility of the restoration of the annual dividend to the old level of 25%, tax free. That is why I am " bullish " of Shell ordinary.

The Standard Assurance figure appearing in Column 4 of the Comparative Table (p. 838) in last week's issue should read 635 and not 786 as stated.

Don't grit your Teeth!

Harmful abrasives injure tooth enamel and start dental decay. Dentists recommend Euthymol, the gritless tooth paste that not only beautifies the teeth but, as laboratory tests show, kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Euthymol leaves the mouth fragrant and refreshed as well as clean. Send now for the 7-day free trial sample or buy the large tube which costs 1/3 only at your chemist.

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Company Meeting

BEECHAMS PILLS

SATISFACTORY HOME TRADE

DEVELOPING OVERSEAS POSSIBILITIES

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

The eighth Ordinary General Meeting of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was held in London last Monday. Mr. Philip E. Hill (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: As you will have seen from the accounts, the net profit for the year amounted to £425,780—which is £138,247 in excess of that of the previous year.

This result is attributable almost entirely to our home trade position which we have every reason to believe will steadily improve, and the Board view the results of the forthcoming year with confidence.

Your directors have always been of the opinion that our main expansion of business lies in overseas trade. At the moment we have scarcely touched the fringe of this, our difficulty in the past having been that of allocating the necessary funds for extension out of the revenue earnings of the company, but with the establishment of our development reserve (which if you adopt the directors' report and accounts will stand at £105,000 and which we intend to augment annually) we are enabled to attack in an energetic manner this side of our business, and the accumulative effect on our export trade in the course of the next few years should be considerable.

HIGH STANDARDS MAINTAINED

In contemplating our expansion programme we have realised the supreme importance of endeavouring to secure for our products the highest possible pharmaceutical standard. In our endeavour to accomplish this we are spending large sums of money to secure the best results in medical research and intend to spend more in future.

We have now completed the extension and rebuilding of the new Beecham factory at St. Helens. Here, and at all other centres, every care is taken to ensure that the materials used are of the highest quality and that our methods of manufacture and packing under the supervision of experienced chemists are as hygienically perfect as possible.

The allocation for general advertising and business propaganda in the ensuing year will be the largest in the history of the company and its subsidiaries.

Before proposing the adoption of the report and accounts, I should like to say a few words with regard to the directors' proposal to increase the Deferred capital of the company, notice of which accompanied this year's report.

IMPORTANCE OF RESERVES

Your Board have realised for some time past the importance of the policy of placing to development reserve a substantial amount of the profits available for distribution to the Deferred shareholders. The results so far achieved have exceeded their expectations, and they are therefore desirous of continuing this policy. While this has the effect of increasing the security and capital value of the Preferred shares, it does, during the period of such development, affect the dividends to be paid to the Deferred shareholders. For instance, the amount of £65,000 transferred to the development reserve out of the funds available for distribution to the Deferred shareholders this year is equivalent to a further 26 per cent. dividend on these shares, while the effect on the 2 per cent. participating rights of the Preferred shareholders by the proposed increased capital would be negligible even if the total amount of the proposed increased capital were allotted immediately, which it is not proposed to do. Of course, any further increase of capital must be sanctioned by the Preferred shareholders.

We feel sure, in view of this explanation, that the Preferred shareholders will gladly agree to the suggestion and thus encourage the Deferred shareholders to agree to put still larger amounts to development reserve, which I am convinced would be to the advantage of all concerned.

STAFF'S SERVICES RECOGNISED

Success in business can only be obtained by harnessing the loyalty, and good will of everyone connected with it and encouraging their efforts in some substantial form. In furtherance of this, I should like the shareholders to authorise their directors to earmark each year, say, 5,000 of the unissued 5*s.* Deferred shares, the call on which for one year from the date of the annual general meeting at the market price at the date of such authorisation to be distributed by the Board among such members of the staff as it may from time to time decide. The result of this to-day would be that the recipients will have an option on 5,000 5*s.* shares at 57*s.* per share for the period of a year. This would provide increased incentive to make the company still more prosperous.

I would particularly ask any shareholder unable to attend the formal meetings convened for the 9th June to return their proxies to me not later than the 6th of that month.

Sir Arthur H. Marshall, K.B.E., seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously. The retiring directors were re-elected; and the auditors, Messrs. Price Waterhouse and Co., reappointed.

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